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PUNCH



APRIL
11
1951

Vol. CCXX
No. 5761



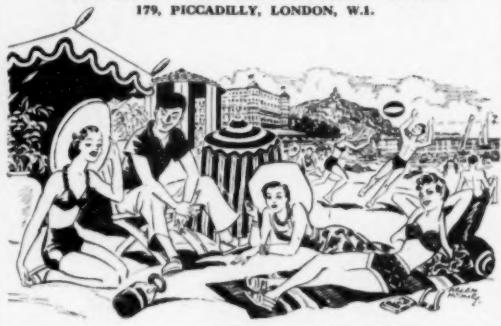
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It's delicious

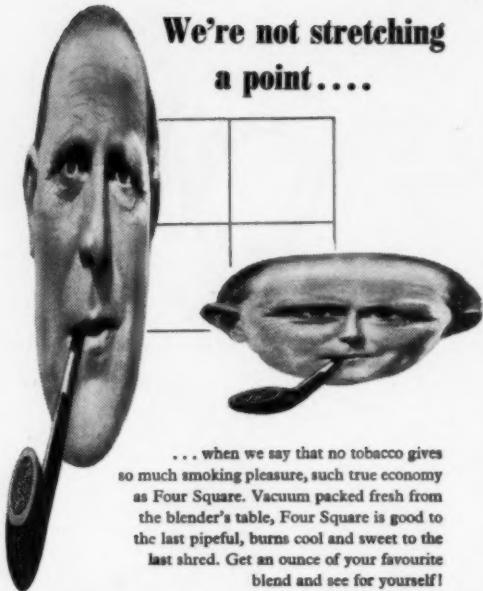
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*The JELLY marmalade
 all children love*

Little Chip Marmalade

Special Standard
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... when we say that no tobacco gives so much smoking pleasure, such true economy as Four Square. Vacuum packed fresh from the blender's table, Four Square is good to the last pipeful, burns cool and sweet to the last shred. Get an ounce of your favourite blend and see for yourself!

FOUR SQUARE

SIX VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS BY DOBIE OF PAISLEY

DIESEL POWER
 for many applications



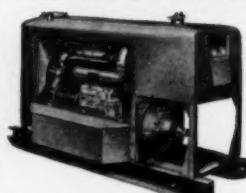
Three builders of British graders have now chosen Leyland diesels for their equipment—

Distington Engineering Co. Ltd. use the 0.350 type; Aveling-Barford use the 0.450 type in their Aveling-Austin grader; and Blaw-Knox Ltd. use the 0.400 engine.

All these "quick-start" engines are unsurpassed for economy and reliability, and are available as self-contained power packs or for installation in other types of power machinery.

Spares for them are stocked by Leyland service stations throughout the world.

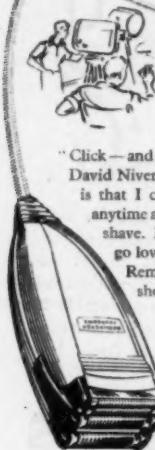
If you have a power problem may we help you?



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LEYLAND MOTORS LIMITED
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 EXPORT DIVISION: HANOVER HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

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David Niven in "Happy Go Lovely"
— an Associated British Technicolor
production made at Elstree Studios.

REMINGTON ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER

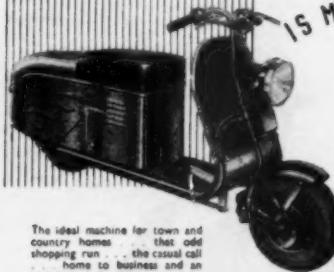
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Picture by courtesy of The New Yorker

THE DAILY ROUND THE COMMON TASK



The ideal machine for town and country homes . . . the odd shopping run . . . the casual call home to business and an equally speedily return . . . in fact for all the little trips that make the daily round. Easy to handle and giving approximately 95 miles per gallon the Gadabout is equipped with a Villiers 16D. 123cc two-stroke engine. 3-speed gear box with foot change, has a cruising speed of 30 m.p.h., comfortable seating and maximum weather protection. Obtainable from all authorized Swallow dealers.

Write to Dept. 6

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IS MADE EASIER WITH THE FAMOUS
Swallow
Gadabout

One reason they call justice rough, young man, is that a leading lady can look anyhow and still stay at a premium • While one shoelace undone will have you written off as a dangerous Bohemian • This is a friendly (faintly tinged with commercialism) warning • That a chap's turnout should be even more perfect at eve than in the morning • And that at Simpson's in addition to the sublime Laks Jackets, Dinner • He will find suits for all business or leisure occasions and every conceivable item of outfit, each of its kind an undisputed winner.



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... and your 'French' will be perfect!

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FOR MEN

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couldn't spare the time

It was always a major operation to get Dr. Bentley away from his surgery for visits to his tailor; for his is a busy practice. *But the doctor is fastidious about style and cut*, and if anyone had dared to mention ready-to-wear clothes to him he'd probably have scalped the offender with a scalpel. When he slipped on a GUARDS sports jacket, however, and gazed at his reflection, Dr. Bentley saw the answer to all his problems — *fine British cloth, faultless style and a really comfortable fit*. It was only a matter of minutes for him to choose a sports coat. No wonder the doctor now buys GUARDS suits and overcoats in the same way. Although he'd been accustomed to paying rather more for his clothes, he now finds that GUARDS suit him better in every way.



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ESCAPE TO THE PAST

The footman's folly

EARLY in the reign of George II, a footman, tiring of his life in service, invented all his savings in a lottery. He arranged to dissipate his winnings as follows :

" When I receive the money, I will marry Grace Towers, the kitchen maid. But as she has been cross and coy, I shall use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer with a spice, nutmeg and sugar on it. Then I will sleep till ten, and awake to a large sack posset. My dinner, served at one, shall never be without fish, game, venison, a roast and a good pudding. I will have a stock of wine and brandy laid in. Afternoons, I will have tarts and jellies and a gallon of punch; evenings, a hot supper of ten dishes. If I am in a good humour and Grace

behaves herself, she shall sit down with me. So to bed."

But fortune frowned on the hungry footman. He lost, and in a rage of disappointment and chagrin, abruptly passed away.

Today, little remains of that age of prolific provender. We can still thrill to the Georgian serenity of Farnham or the balanced dignity of an Adam fireplace. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

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CIGARETTES"

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TASS



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FOR FIVE YEARS**

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It looks like Crazy Week at the music hall—but it's only a mild exaggeration of what goes on in factory after factory. You've seen it—work-space cluttered, machines kept waiting, costs inflated by out-of-date handling methods. What a difference modern handling equipment makes! One man using a My-Te-Min Electric Pulley Block can lift and shift more tonnage than a three-man strong-arm squad. Find out how you can speed output, cut costs and reduce accidents with the My-Te-Min.



GEO. W. KING LTD
IS WORKS,
HITCHIN, HERTS.

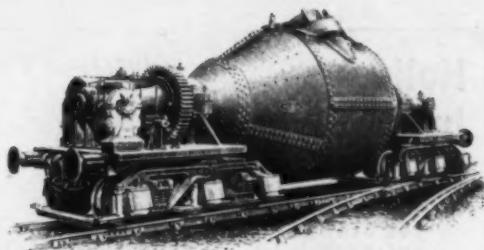
Electric Pulley Blocks, Cranes and Conveyors
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It started

158

years ago



This monster travelling ladle, which itself weighs nearly 80 tons, is capable of receiving 125 tons of molten metal, and storing it in the molten state for up to 36 hours. The Newton Chambers men who made it are justly proud of their work and of the reputation for engineering skill and craftsmanship which they have inherited from their grandfathers and great-grandfathers. For Newton Chambers men have been working in iron since 1793.

Newton Chambers

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Into every tiny part of every fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch goes immense incessant care. Every pinpoint-small screw is as finely adjusted as the balance wheel itself. And the result is a watch that's a thing of beauty outside and in; a more accurate watch, a longer-lasting watch, a watch you can rely on.

But when you buy your new Swiss watch, it's only commonsense to make use of expert advice. Your jeweller is a specialist. He will give you inside information on watches. He will give you the widest choice, from the latest types and styles. He will help you to choose wisely. And it's in his interest to satisfy you and *keep* you satisfied.



First Swiss watches can be bought from all good jewellers. No shop has exclusive rights. To ensure continued watch-satisfaction, consult the repair expert at your jeweller's. No one else is so competent to give your watch the professional care it deserves.

The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND



INSIDE information

If you see the Curled Hair Tag on your new upholstered furniture or mattress, it speaks volumes about the *inside*, the part you *cannot* see. It is a guarantee that the filling is the best obtainable. Ask at your furniture shop for the Curled Hair folder "Inside Information".

"CURLED HAIR" IS THE SECRET OF COMFORT AND ECONOMY
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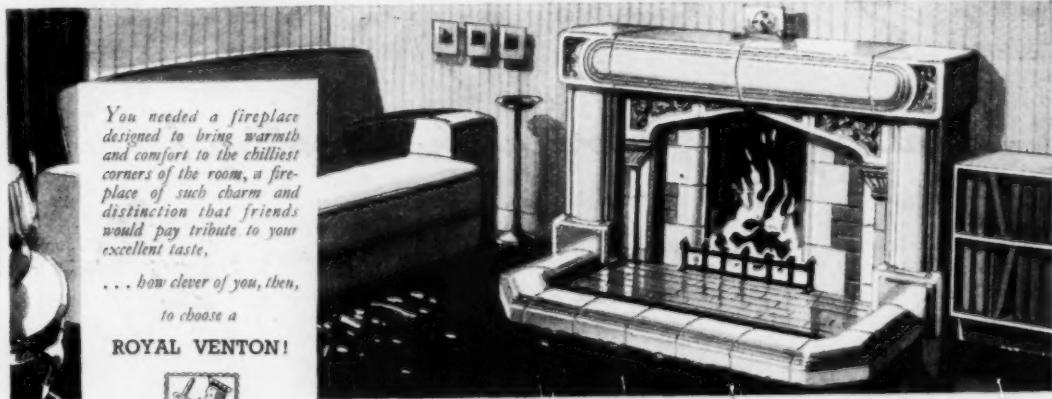
The hall-mark tells a story

Who, when and where ?

The hall-mark on this fine table-spoon denotes that it is sterling silver (the lion), that it was made by the famous silversmith, Paul Storr (initials), in the year 1817 (letter b), in London (leopard's head). The sovereign's head (George III) shows that duty was paid on the spoon.

The hall-mark of silver polishes is the name "Goddard's," famous throughout the world for more than 110 years.

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You needed a fireplace
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A WORD OF ADVICE to MORRIS owners

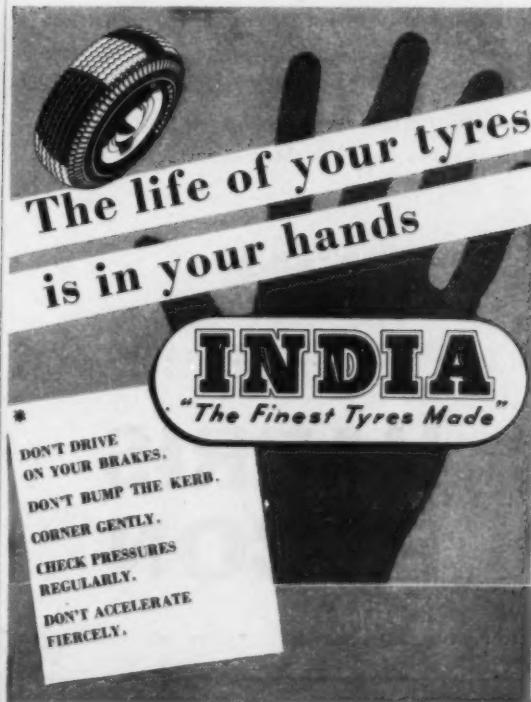
Because your Morris runs so long with so little upkeep, don't, in these difficult times, make the mistake of neglecting it. Take your car to one of the 2,000 authorised Morris dealers for prompt, expert attention. That's the way to keep your running costs down.

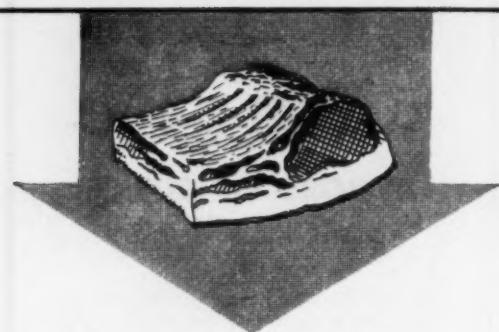
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Slowly but very surely . . .

Let us admit that during the years of difficulty, in war and in reconstruction anything in the shape of food was acceptable.

In those days not all bacon was good enough to earn the famous Harris Brand and even to-day the precious mark (as valuable to you as to us) cannot be applied. But fine quality bacon is on its way to us, through careful plans for breeding and grading. Harris plans are laid, too, and the moment it is possible you will see again in your shop that welcome sign of quality, the mark . . .



By Appointment
Bacon Curers to
H.M. King George VI.

HARRIS BACON

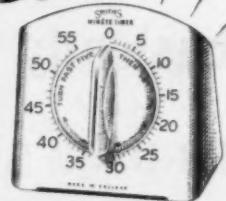
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good taste and fashion sense*



Woven fabrics, in which design and colour are embodied in the structure of the cloth itself, provide the finest examples of textile craftsmanship. For this reason Vantona 'Court' Bedcovers are always first choice in bedroom decor, combining a subtle loveliness with simple practical qualities. This fabric is crease-resisting, colourfast and washes perfectly. For the finishing touch—an extra bedcover for curtaining.

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Court
BEDCOVERS

Vantona 'Court' Bedcovers are available in a choice of blue, rose, green and honey, at prices from £6.0.0d. for 70" x 100" to £10.15.0d. for 90" x 108". The Vantona Household Advice Bureau is at your service on all household problems. Write to Vantona House, Manchester.



G. Harrison



At long (luscious!) last

It's back again in April—the famous Cadbury Cup Chocolate in the gay blue tin!

Those marvellous creamy-smooth flakes of *real* Cadbury Chocolate are in the shops again. And you lucky people who remember Cup Chocolate from before the war won't need any prompting to rush out and get some! This is all you have to do. Pour yourself a cup of hot—very hot—milk. Shake in the creamy flakes. Give it a quick stir and—ah—there's *real* chocolate for you!

**CADBURY'S
CUP
CHOCOLATE**



EXQUISITE
Gaily coloured members of the *Nymphalidae* family of South American butterflies clustered on the flowers of a Giant Saguaro cactus.

IMPERIAL LEATHER
*The Toilet Luxuries of
Exquisite Character*

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CUSSENS IMPERIAL LEATHER
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full fashioned stockings
in pure silk
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. . . so we don't presume to declare, sir, that you *must* wear Wm. Joyces. We would simply remark that these handsome shoes, featherweight and incredibly comfortable, are worth looking twice at in your shoe-shop. Men who know what they want in footwear are finding their wants met by Wm. Joyces

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JOYCE (CALIFORNIA) LTD., 37-38, OLD BOND STREET, W.1.



CHARIVARIA

OPPOSITION politicians who were foremost in reminding us during the war that we were fighting for dear life seem curiously dissatisfied now that we've got it.



The French Electricity Board have invented an electric griller which is raised into the air by electro-magnets while food is cooking on it, so that the cooking smells are kept away from people at ground level. English visitors to the Continent can easily defeat this plan by standing on chairs.

Period Piece

"Extra Double-size Oak Bed with mattress, pre non-utility, £10."—"Mid-Sussex Times"



Mr. Aneurin Bevan should not be taken literally when he complains that the papers are a bit thick.



"A countrywide survey is being made of all poor quality fields which could contribute to the general fuel shortage."

"Daily Telegraph"

Some people are never satisfied.



The chairman of a London brewery told shareholders that beer sales had been affected by the recent adverse weather. So everyone present echoed the hope that the glass would soon be rising again everywhere.

Silly of us not to have noticed it.



So many old films are now being successfully revived that some cinema managers are said to be considering the possibility of having magic-lanterns installed.

DOUGLAS





"Won't give his name—just says he's hungry . . ."

THEM

I DON'T know how Humblestone feels about it, but I look back with pleasure on the chat we had on the five forty-five the other night.

I was reading comfortably about life on Venus when he bent forward and tapped me on the knee with his cigarette case. "Well," he said, "how d'you think they're doing now?"

I folded my paper, and I stared straight back at him. "Splendidly," I said.

He nodded. Then he said dubiously "But what about that thirty thousand fee? Where are they going to get that from?"

"Out of stock," I said, and he laughed in a grudging, indulgent way. Then he looked cautiously at the third occupant of the compartment, a man in a bowler hat, and lowered his voice.

"Eldridge was telling me," he said, "that another transfer would ruin them."

"Yes," I said. "But what about Hamper?"

"Hamper? Who's Hamper?"

"Hamper," I said. "You know Hamper."

He looked puzzled for a moment and then he nodded doubtfully. "Mm," he said.

"Hamper told me," I went on, "that, in view of the way the thing was handled in nineteen forty-three, Jackson may be the one."

"Jackson?"

"Jackson or the man with the piebald horse. What's his name?"

Humblestone blinked slowly at me, and then he said "Yes. But there's training. That's not going to be easy. That ankle won't be fit to run on for a month. They're going to be wide open down the middle."

"Easy as pie," I said. "What about all those dumb-bells they had left over?"

"Dumb-bells? Who?"

"All those dumb-bells," I said. I turned to the man in the bowler hat. "Bundles of dumb-bells," I said, "and what do they do with them?" The man in the bowler hat shook his head, and Humblestone looked at him sharply. "Threw them in the Thames," I said, "without so much as a by your leave."

Humblestone licked his lips, and frowned. "Who did?" he said.

"They did."

"I never heard about that."

"There are a lot of things you never hear about," I said. "What about the way they hung up flags with little hens painted on them? There was something behind that. You're not going to tell me," I said, "that those refrigerators were left empty by mistake? What about Saturday? You've only got to read your papers," I said. "Who moved Harry? Who moved him?" I leaned forward and tapped him on the knee with my cigarette case. "It can be dropped from low-flying aircraft," I said. "Or it can be brought over in innocent-looking parcels. And another thing," I said, "they can go without water for longer than you think. Much longer. Take France, now, just for the sake of argument."

"France?" said Humblestone, gropingly.

"Or packets of salt," I said. "Take packets of salt. Where are you going to bore your hole, just for a start? There's altitude to be considered."

"Would you mind telling me," said Humblestone, reaching for his dispatch case, "just what the hell you're talking about?"

"Them," I said harshly, opening the door for him. And I bundled him on to the platform, and slammed the door, and put my feet up on the opposite seat, beaming.

As the train moved off again the man in the bowler hat cleared his throat, and came to sit beside me.

"Do you really believe, then," he said, "that they'll risk going to the country before October?"

The Festival of Punch

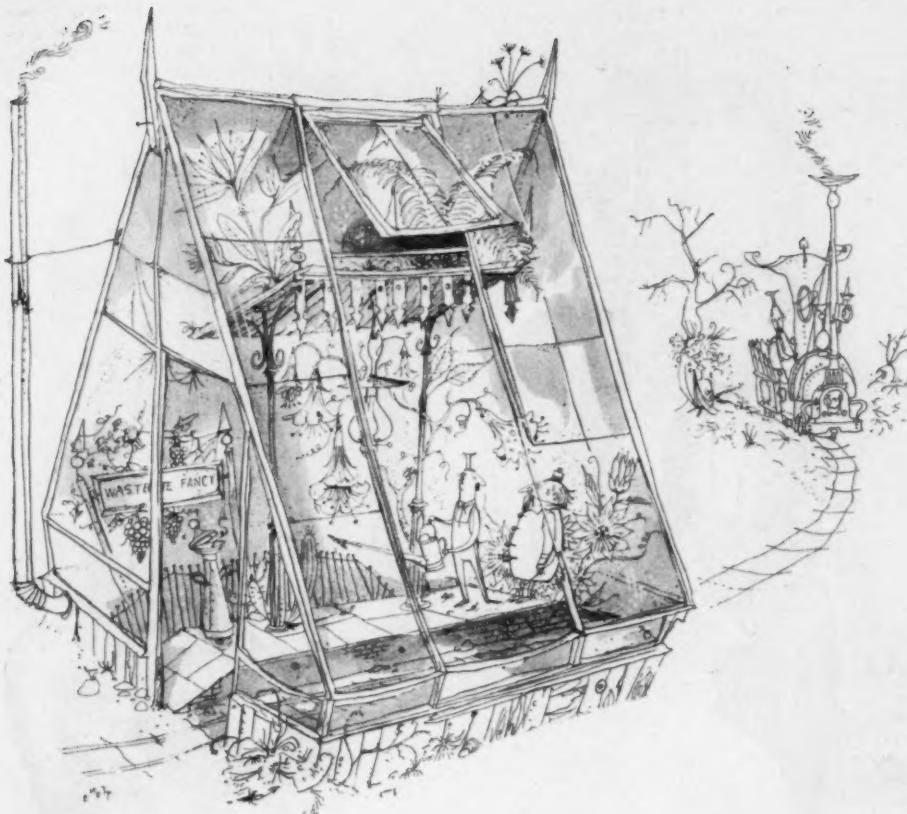
A SPECIAL issue, "The Festival of Punch," reflecting a hundred years in the history of this country (and of this paper) is to be published on April 30. In addition to this "historical" section the issue will cover many aspects of modern life overlooked by the organizers of the South Bank Exhibition. It will contain one hundred and twenty-eight pages, sixteen of them in full colour, and will be priced at 2/-. It will be available at all newsagents and bookstalls; but, as the supply is limited, readers (other than postal subscribers) are advised to place an early order with their regular newsagent.





THE RECKONING

"I shall be leaving you now, sir."
"Ah! Going to the country, perhaps?"



*"We must be careful not to let our eagerness to possess the
Best Decorated Station during Festival Year run away with us . . ."*

SELF-SERVICE

NOT even we who work for the Nether Primping branch of Fittlewell's Family Stores would claim that it is entirely free from faults. The interior is cramped and dark, whilst the sharp slope of the floors tends to concentrate too much of our merchandise, particularly garden rollers, in one place. Nevertheless, it has always served the village well, and Miss Twemlow (Post Office and Confectionery), Mr. Hoop (Hardware, Grocery and Puncture Repairs) and myself (Wines and Spirits) are proud of the

personal attention we give to even our humblest customer.

It was, therefore, with something of a shock that I received the following communication from our Head Office in the City: *To the Manager, Fittlewell's Family Stores (Nether Primping Branch). With effect from Monday, March 26, you will adopt the Scripps-Hornby system of Self-Service. Confirmation and Mr. Scripps-Hornby will follow. (Signed) Jas. Fittlewell, Chairman.*

My first action was to call my staff. Alarmed by the unfamiliar

note of urgency in my voice they hurried to my little office at the back of the shop, Mr. Hoop carrying a bundle of beansticks and Miss Twemlow still holding a sheet of the new blue 2½d. stamps which had just reached us from London.

"Yes, Mr. Chatsby?" they said anxiously.

I handed them the message and watched while they read it. Under her green eye-shade Miss Twemlow's face was a mask. She looked at me for a moment and then turned and went back to her counter, her

bedroom slippers stirring the caster-sugar on the floor to a fine white haze. Mr. Hoop looked as if he were about to say something, but he thought better of it and shuffled sullenly back to his duties. As he went the beansticks he was carrying struck a mournful chime from the saucepans hanging from the ceiling; although I did not realize it at the time, he was sounding the death-knell of an era.

Mr. Scripps-Hornby arrived next morning on one of the company's familiar blue bicycles. He was a tall gaunt man, wearing a severe black suit and plastic trouser-clips. As he entered the store Miss Twemlow moved forward with a cup of cocoa, but Mr. Scripps-Hornby waved it aside with a curt gesture which brought the colour flooding to the girl's cheeks. Signalling to Mr. Hoop not to read the address of welcome we had prepared, I ushered our visitor into my office.

After freeing his foot from the sack of hound-meal into which he had stepped on arriving, Mr. Scripps-Hornby outlined his plan: our counters would be removed, sawn up and converted into shelves; all available merchandise would be plainly priced and set out on the shelves within easy reach of the shoppers; no mention of payment would be made until the customer was ready to leave with his purchases. When I suggested to Mr. Scripps-Hornby that this might prove too much of a temptation for our weaker brethren he had his answer ready; Miss Twemlow would move her desk over to the door and be responsible for totting up the total cost of the customers' purchases; she would also be provided with a small foot-operated alarm bell to be rung in the event of a customer's trying to leave without paying.

The work of reorganization began immediately. Mr. Scripps-Hornby watched us from the top of a step-ladder while we lowered the lawn mowers into the cellar and transferred the boiled sweets from Miss Twemlow's cash box to a more accessible position. In the process of moving we came upon several articles we had given up for lost,

prominent among them being a carboy of acid addressed, I was rather surprised to see, to the Nether Primping Women's Institute. I said something to Mr. Scripps-Hornby about "coals to Newcastle," but my little jest appeared to be lost on him . . .

The news of Fittlewell's daring experiment had spread through the village, and when I opened the door on our first day of self-service an eager crowd of shoppers surged past me into the shop. I was somewhat alarmed to see that they were led by "Dodger" Green, an unprincipled character with some reputation in the village as a poacher; I was also a little disturbed by the unnecessarily capacious cut of his tweed jacket with its hint of hidden pockets.

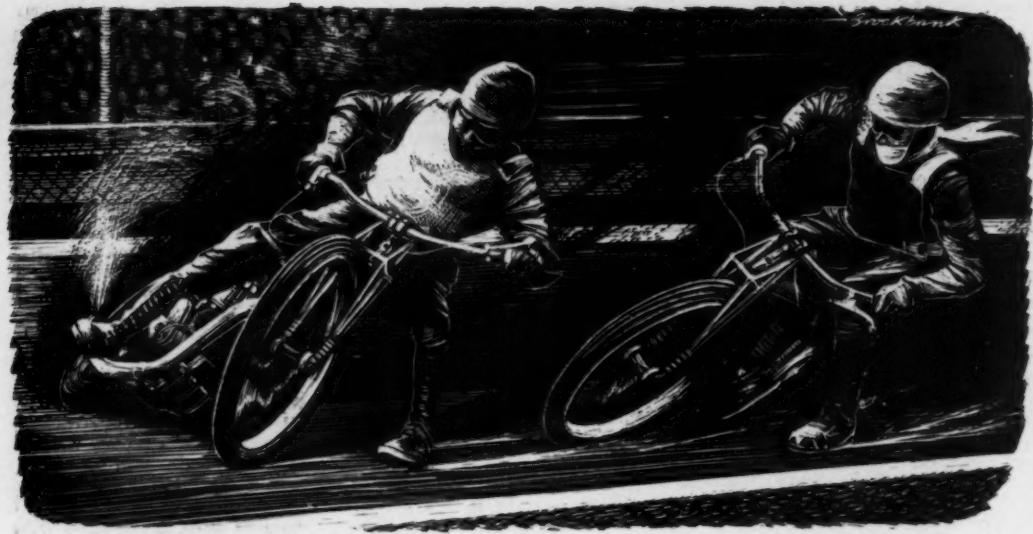
After a quick glance round the store, however, I felt somewhat reassured. Mr. Scripps-Hornby had taken up his position behind Miss Twemlow and was preparing to check her arithmetic with a ready reckoner; the alarm bell had been tested and voted satisfactory. Mr. Hoop was standing near the toffee-apple shelf with a small cane concealed behind his back, whilst I myself mingled with the shoppers, freeing bottlenecks as they occurred

and occasionally prodding a pram-cover to make sure that nothing had inadvertently slipped underneath.

As the morning wore on it became obvious that self-service was proving a success. Our goods were disappearing off the shelves faster than ever before and, in the darker parts of the store, the shelves themselves were disappearing. But it was only to be expected that a system as revolutionary as Scripps-Hornby's would have its teething troubles, and when I happened to see two ounces of fruit-drops fall out of old Mrs. Rackstraw's ear-trumpet I took no action beyond putting the sweets into a bag and replacing them, with a courtly bow, in the instrument. Old Mrs. Rackstraw is not the kind of customer one falls out with.

Towards lunch time the heat in the store became oppressive and I regret to say I dozed off. I woke with a start to find Mr. Scripps-Hornby shaking me by the shoulder. It was not until I leapt to my feet that I realized what had happened: *my boots and bowler hat had been removed while I slept!* I don't like jumping to conclusions, but I shall certainly have one or two questions to ask "Dodger" Green if ever he comes into the shop again.





DICING WITH DEATH OR SOMETHING

"IT doesn't seem long," confides the voice over the loud-speakers, taking thirty thousand of us to its sentimental old heart, "since we were singing 'Auld Lang Syne' together; yet here we are again to-night, all set for the commencement of yet another grand speedway season . . ."

Here we are, indeed. We all came together, standing, in Piccadilly Line trains, cheek to cheek and club scarf to club scarf, and at Manor House Station we flew forth like shrapnel and whizzed up the escalators; the platform staff, bawling its injunctions to speedy dispersal, was simply wasting its time.

Up above, under an oversized moon, the avenue to the stadium was already choked with chattering youngsters rushing on towards the sweet overture music of 500 c.c. petrol engines warming up. Those who got there first would be able to pack themselves alongside the narrow alley leading to the pits; they might not see much of the track there, but they would be able to concentrate their starling screeches of adoration on their leather-cased heroes as they loitered, pop-pop-popping, to the starting

gate; and as they loitered, some seventy seconds later and still pop-pop-popping, back.

But all these excitements lie ahead. First, the great arena must be charged with glamour to the spilling-point. Spotlights must bathe and sweep; the stadium theme song, led by a recorded male voice choir, must be rendered, and the stadium slogan be spelled out in staccato bellows; then there is martial music for recorded orchestra . . . and a splendid procession strides in from the pits, a brisk, quasi-military formation stepping high in chocolate trousers with yellow stripes, led by a lady drum-major twirling a silver mace and sporting a uniform which owes something to the Life Guards, the Royal Navy and any well-turned-out cinema commissionaire . . .

We yell and stamp, almost as hysterically as if the striped chocolate soldiers were the gladiators of the evening instead of, as it rather disappointingly proves, the men employed to sweep the track between races. A greater roar splits the night as the first rider emerges from the pits and opens his throttle on a harsh rolled "r" for the sweep round

to his starting position; the stadium lights are quenched, so that only the floodlit magic of the brick-coloured circuit is visible.

And now, while all eyes are bent upon the four crouched figures in coloured helmets, throbbing in the slips, let us, with maddening detachment, pause to wonder what it is that attracts ten million customers a year, mostly in their teens, to the country's speedways—in London, Edinburgh, Cardiff, Newcastle, St. Austell and thirty other places. Speedway racing, it may be felt, is a little thin as entertainment: the performances are those of a machine, and a machine, moreover, specially made for this special purpose, so that the ordinary road motor-cyclist is unlikely to benefit by mechanical advancements born of the sport. National pride is probably left unstirred, since many of the riders are Australians, just as many of our British ice-hockey aces are Canadians. Speeds achieved are negligible by modern standards: the four laps of the track total less than a mile, and the winner takes more than a minute to cover them. Often the races tend to become "processions," because the man who first gets on the inside rail is virtually unbeatable. What is the attraction?

Betting, our programmes warn us, is absolutely prohibited.

Of course, there is the strange, wild joy of partisanship, the mysterious exhilaration to be got out of having someone to shout for, and this is diligently fostered by the managements; there are supporters' clubs, coloured scarves and berets, slogans, theme songs, lapel badges, heroes to worship in flesh and photograph. But strip away all these emotional furbishings and what is left, after all, but motorcyclists chasing one another round a rugby field with curved ends?

The skill of the riders is not to be doubted, but it is limited; it lacks the many diverse brilliances of technique exhibited in a single day's work by, for instance, a London taxi driver. The speedway rider needs sound judgment and a quick brain, and enough self-control to employ them both even when the man in front is squirting him in the eye with a stream of churned-up shale; but his most precious attribute is a strong left leg, and a strong, well-metalled left boot to put it in. It would not have greatly surprised me if the between-race sweepers had swept up several left legs, on the evening of my visit, boots and all; why they don't snap off at the knee is entirely mystifying; they are used as a cornering pivot, about which the rider rotates his machine as he negotiates the track's two hairpin bends at forty or fifty miles an hour—progression, I should explain, being anti-clockwise; I imagine that a man asked unexpectedly to travel in the other direction would decline without hesitation; his right leg simply wouldn't have a clue.

It is during this cornering manœuvre that to-night's crowd, eight times in each of the evening's twenty or so races, holds its breath.

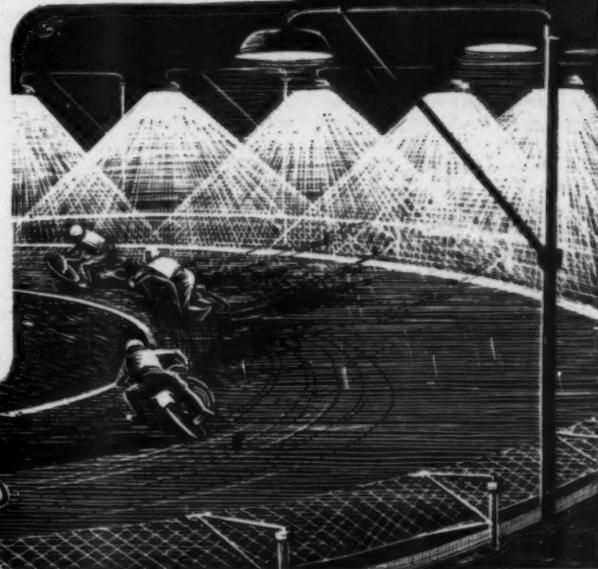
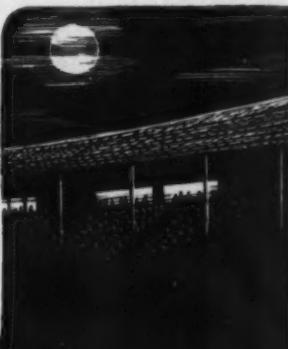
and often its voice. Roaring down the straight is child's play; we could all roar down the straight; but the straight isn't much more than a hundred yards long, and half-way down it the riders pull out widely to take the sharpness out of the bend ahead, laying their machines on their left sides in nauseating defiance of equilibrium's laws, troughing up the track with their left legs (and almost with their left handlebars), skidding their back wheels to the right, wrenching themselves once more into the vertical, and so, to the accompaniment of thirty thousand voices rediscovered, off down the straight again. But the track is not particularly wide: and if two machines should happen to be executing this operation in parallel . . .

The speedway press treats of track mishaps rather obliquely. A rider is "now completely recovered" from some unnamed disaster; another's "crooked arm will soon be healed," or his "collar-bone is mending rapidly"; occasionally something more direct slips into print with the phrase "unfortunately hit the fence," or "met with a nasty one"; but on the whole injuries are not considered of any

great interest. We are more likely to read about a rider's domestic life (perfectly ordinary, isn't it thrilling?), or an account of how four thousand fans tried to get into church to see another of their idols married.

Obviously (to hark back) the ten millions don't go to the speedway to see sensational accidents. Where would be the attraction in that? It's the same in Spain, no doubt. Don't the customers always hope that the matador will get the bull? Or—er——?

J. B. BOOTHROYD





(This is My Affair

Teddy—DAN DAILEY; Cooper—SAM JAFFE; Harriet—SUSAN HAYWARD

AT THE PICTURES

This is My Affair—Les Amoureux sont Seuls au Monde

WHY the film adaptation of JEROME WEIDMAN's novel "I Can Get it for You Wholesale" should have been called *This is My Affair* (Director: MICHAEL GORDON) is anybody's guess. I may have been inattentive, but I failed to notice that the phrase—not a strikingly unusual one—was even used in dialogue; and I may be dense, but I don't see how it applies to the story, except so far as it might apply to almost any story. But certainly it would not have done to retain the title of the novel, which—so far as I can remember after thirteen years—the film does not resemble in the least. This piece is about "the billion-dollar dress capital of the U.S.," the Garment Centre in the Seventh Avenue district of New York where dresses, mostly cheap dresses, are made for distribution and sale all over the country. In particular it is about one of those ruthlessly ambitious young women whom film audiences so love to watch blasting their way to the big money. Here, played by SUSAN HAYWARD, she is to be seen first as a mannequin with a cheap dress firm, then setting up her own establishment with money that should have gone to her sister, finally trying by dubious means to move from the world of the "dress house" into that of the "gown

house." (An intermediate stage, if I understood the off-screen voice correctly, is the world where they "whip up frocks.") The framework of the narrative is some kind of emotional situation involving the good-hearted gay young salesman (DAN DAILEY) who is her partner and the "dictator of New York's fashions" (GEORGE SANDERS) who gracefully withdraws from the triangle so as to provide a happy ending; but the strength and interest of the film come from the details of the set-up of the Garment Centre and from a good deal of casual, light, entertaining dialogue and business among the small-part players, notably a spectated youth (MARVIN KAPLAN) of inordinate facetiousness.

Concerto!—the very word is like a knell . . . But even though *Les Amoureux sont Seuls au Monde* (Director: HENRY DECOIN) deals with a successful composer who has, of course, written one, and whose young pupil performs it, he is allowed to have written a number of other works of equal importance, and, in fact, this French excursion in a field very thoroughly trodden by Hollywood treats the whole subject of the hero's music with agreeably unusual irreverence. To be sure the solemn and pompous consciousness of genius would not be expected to sit convincingly on

the sardonic features of LOUIS JOUVET, though I am ready to believe that this great man could convey it well enough if he had to. However, the point here is not really the music, and though we do get a public performance of the concerto it is not faked up into the climax. The point is nothing more than that the composer, happily married for eighteen years, finds himself manœuvred into an affair with his charming pupil (DANY ROBIN) which comes—just in time for the happiness of all concerned—to nothing. The film is a minor one as French films go, and would hardly be worth mentioning in a week that offered more choice; but even this has the usual excellent touches of incident and character (the wedding party at the country café, the people in the cinema audience) and passes an evening more sensibly than most variations on such a theme.

* * * * *
Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

It may still be possible to find *Storm Warning* (21/3/51) in London: an intelligent, absorbing thriller about the Ku Klux Klan. NOËL NOËL's uniquely amusing study of bores and other human pests, *Les Casse-Pieds*, is on view with a good English commentary under the title *As Others See Us* (28/3/51).

Released: *Mr. Drake's Duck* (21/2/51), which has some good fun after a poor start.

RICHARD MALLETT



[Les Amoureux sont Seuls au Monde
Nervous Opening

Gérard Favier, a composer—
LOUIS JOUVET

SHOPPING

WHILE we drank coffee under the disinterested eyes of a group of waitresses she made a shopping list on the back of a menu card. I did not like the look of "A present for Timothy."

The pavements were deep with people. The sky was drab, and from it grey rain was falling.

We drifted into a shop which sold, among other things, photographic equipment. She wanted for Timothy an exposure meter; not an electrical one, as that was too dear. The assistant was delighted. He produced a thing through which he invited us to look. Did we not see a row of five figures? Good. The number which we could see the least plain of the five was the important one. It formed the basis on which mathematical calculations, that were made plain in a booklet provided, were to be set in motion. He suggested that, for example, the number might be four . . . He thumbed through the booklet and scratched his head. If the number were four it was easy to deduce that . . . Well, say the number was six . . . We wandered around the shop. The assistant had by now become thoroughly absorbed in the booklet; he was jotting down figures on a piece of paper. She asked him several times whether he had in stock any other kind of meter. After a while he looked up in a bemused kind of fashion and suggested desperately that she was to suppose that the number was eight.

Leaving him to calculate what ever was to be calculated from that figure we moved into another shop. The fellow there was much more encouraging; he had in stock a very superior kind of meter. He padded about the room, shooting his eyes hither and thither and prodding out an occasional hand. His manner became harassed. He ought to have in stock a very superior meter . . . Would we in the meantime like to look at one of this type? The figure which one was able to see the least plain of the five formed the basis on which mathematical . . . No, we did not want to look at that kind.

He was sure that somewhere he had . . . Ah!

She had, he explained, only to look through this thing and she would see dots; she would see the dots more plainly if she were to take her hand away from the end. Now, those dots were not all . . . She unscrewed her eye and declared that she could see nothing at all. He snatched it away from her and glared through it. He walked up and down, the thing clamped to one eye, pointing it up to the ceiling, down to the floor. It was evident that a certain amount of practice was required in the use of it. He declared after some giddy perambulations that he was now beginning to see spots. Hundreds of them.

We slipped away to look for a music stand. She wanted one which would fold up; the one Timothy had now, if old and rusty, would fold up to a size no bigger than this . . . well, that, anyway. The girl said she was sorry, all she had was a chromium-plated one in two parts. Perhaps we would like to see how it worked?

She undid various screws. She shook it. Then she held it up to the light in a reflective manner, and a leg suddenly shot out like a sword from a scabbard. She looked pleased. She gave a tug here and a pull there, and the thing stood quivering upright. The bit to hold the music, which was separate, would now fit quite simply into the stand, thus . . . She twiddled some more screws, tried gentle persuasion, brute force . . . it was just the knack, she explained. We said it was obviously a very good stand, but we were not all that keen on chromium. Was there another music shop? There was, but it was the other end of the town.

As we approached this building the roar of a wireless set almost blasted us from the pavement. We plucked up courage to enter, and a rush of furious sound slammed back the door upon its hinges. The man beamed at us. She took a deep breath and in a violent screech asked whether he had any music stands. Just then someone switched off the wireless. The man recoiled with a very pained expression. Later, he said No.



NO SENSE OF DIRECTION

MY wife has no sense of direction.

My wife rings me up at half-past seven on a Saturday evening and says she has lost her way back from Bundlesham and the car has broken down; she took a short cut to avoid that bad corner near where old Mrs. Potter used to live.

I ask her where she is.

She says petulantly that if she knew that she wouldn't be lost.

I say I mean doesn't she know where she's phoning from.

She says of course she does, she's in an A.A. box two miles this side of Claybury.

I say two miles which side.

She says how does she know, there's a signpost at the cross-roads saying Claybury two miles.

I say what happened to the car.

She says she was driving along, and just as it was getting dusk the car went a-hunk, a-hunk, huh-huh-huh-huh, and stopped.

I say well what's wrong with it, then.

She says how should she know, I shouldn't expect a woman to have a mechanical brain.

I start to say something and fail to stop myself in time.

My wife says furiously that I'd do better to stop being funny and get the car out and come and look for her, and rings off.

I am now waiting for my wife to recall that if I had the car she wouldn't be lost.

At 9.50 my wife rings me again, to say she knows where she is now, she's at the Wagon and Horses, Frumblington.

Frumblington is some twelve miles on the far side of Bundlesham, where she started from.

I am too tactful to mention this.

I ask her who fixed the car.

She says she did; when she'd turned on the lights at lighting-up time she'd turned off the ignition at the same time.

I say well, anyway, she knows the way back from there, doesn't she—just follow the main road.

She says of course she does, she'll be home in an hour.

At 10.42 the landlord of the Wagon and Horses rings up to say am I the gentleman that lady phoned about an hour ago.

I say yes I am, why.

He says well she's just driven past his front door for the fourth time, going anti-clockwise, and what should he do.

I say how does he know it's her.

He says by now he ought to know that gear-change in a million.

I thank him and ring off.

At 10.47 I am on the phone to the Frumblington police.

I ask if they will look out for a black saloon, number RDF 1277, at present describing an irregular but persistent orbit round the Wagon and Horses area, and direct it home.

The occupant, I add hastily, is not only my wife, but teetotal.

At 11.20 the Frumblington police ring up to say that my car is locked and abandoned outside the Palace Cinema, and will I kindly remove it first thing in the morning.

At 11.52 my wife arrives on foot from the railway station, having decided that discretion is the better part of valour.

At 6.45 the next morning I step off the train at Frumblington Station and go in search of the car.

I have no little difficulty in starting it.

At 7.10 I am driving along a deserted stretch of road between Frumblington and Bundlesham when I run out of petrol. My wife has used nearly a tankful in her travels.

There is not a house in sight.

There is not a human being in sight.

There is no traffic passing at that time of a Sunday morning.

All the local garages shut on a Sunday, anyway.

Turning up the collar of my mackintosh I set out to walk the remaining five miles into Bundlesham.

It is now coming down in buckets.

At 8.50 a milk roundsman on the outskirts of Bundlesham agrees to siphon some petrol out of his van. He has two spare bottles, and I am

therefore limited to two pints of petrol.

I am too wet to look a gift horse in the mouth.

At 10.15 I decent my precious cargo into the car, and decide that two pints should see me home if I am lucky.

At 10.35 my petrol gauge assures me that they won't. I decide that only a short cut will save me. I take one.

At 10.55 I take a dislike to my short cut.

At 10.56 my car agrees, and comes to rest with a despairing cough by a cross-roads.

There is an A.A. phone box on the cross-roads, and a signpost which says Claybury two miles.

I decide that this is no time for foolish pride . . .

During the ensuing telephone conversation my wife tells me that I have no sense of direction.

 6 6

VERNAL VENOM

UNASHAMED,

I am a poet who declines
To sing Hey ding a ding a ding
In spring;

Or to be named
With those whose lines
Go

Nonny, nonny, nonny, no.
Frankly,

I find the more bucolic
Type of frolic

Dankly

Emetic

Rather than poetic—
And my only reason

For appearing
In this overcrowded,

Overclouded,
Over-mouthed

Season

Is to state

That, tho' for spring I am past
caring

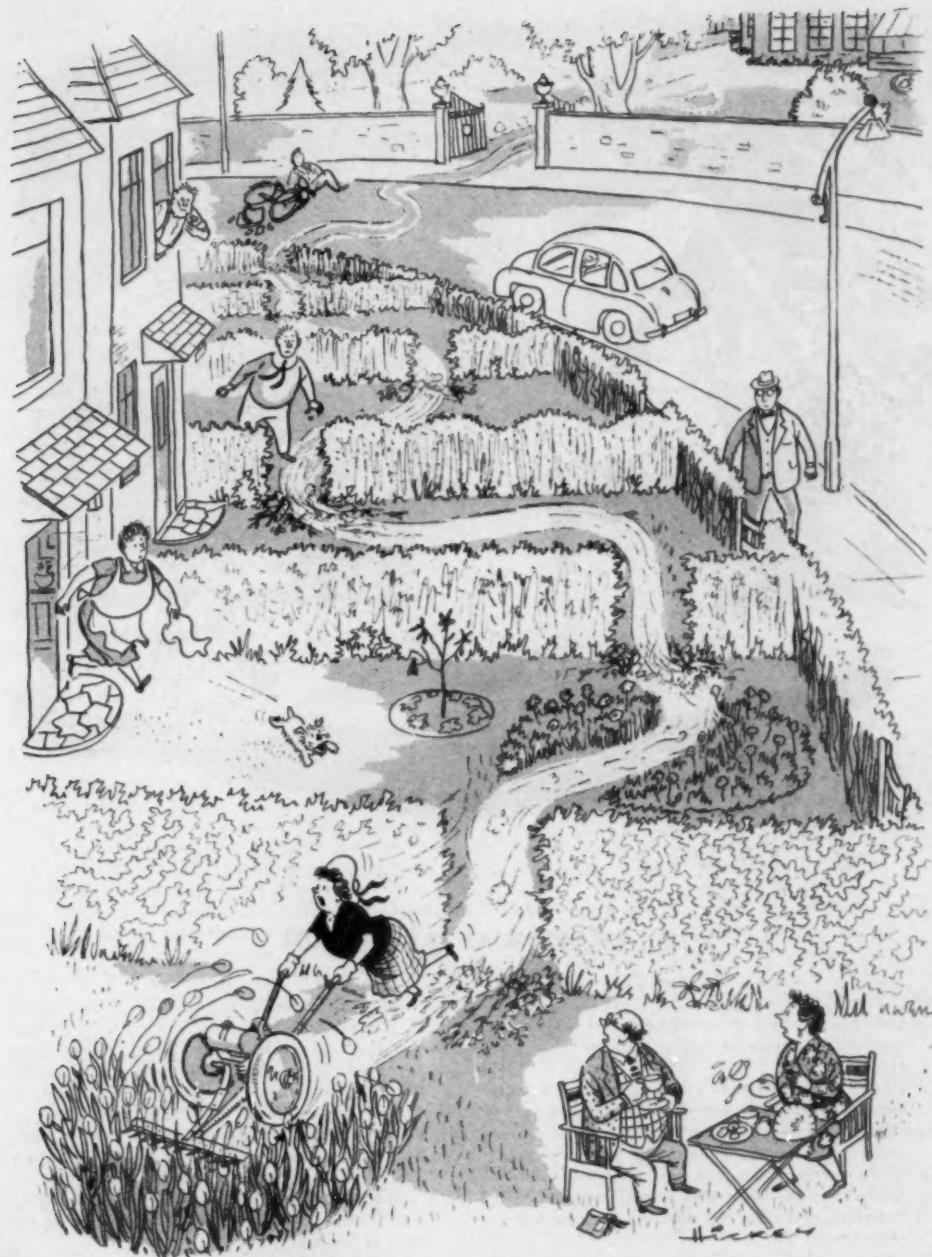
Two hoots,

I hate

To see so many delightful
Nymphs still wearing

Those frightful

Fur-lined boots.



"Hub! Woman driver."



"She's been immortalized by Mr. Wordsworth."

SHAKESPEARIAN SYMPOSIUM

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

MISS BEED. I always wonder how Shakespeare managed to think of so many bright little comments on the way as well as getting along with the story.

MR. FOAM. You must have a one-track mind. I never wonder about the same thing even twice.

MRS. CORD. It was all done with gag-writers—one for puns, one for apophthegms, one for vulgarity. Some of the corner jokes were probably due to Anne Hathaway; no doubt they seemed very witty in Stratford, and when she sent them up he had to use them.

MISS BEED. Some of the jests made by the clowns invalidate the Baconian theory; they could surely never have been devised by a Lord Chancellor.

MRS. CORD. You seem unacquainted with the depths of judicial humour. Let us turn to the more elevating topic of how Lady Macbeth went down as Queen of Scotland. Did she unobtrusively forward good causes, like the Prince Consort, or did she organize revels, like Marie Antoinette?

MR. FOAM. She did her best as a Social Leader. Her first party was gate-crashed by a ghost, always a test of poise for the 'prentice hostess.

MRS. CORD. She was a pretty experienced hostess by then. She had already done in a guest in the old days at Glamis.

MISS BEED. Shakespeare never portrayed a really womanly woman, like Amelia Sedley. I always present her as a model to my girls.

MRS. CORD. How do you steer round Becky Sharp?
MISS BEED. We use expurgated copies in which she does not appear.

MRS. CORD. I wish Shakespeare had had a shot at Lucrezia Borgia.

MR. FOAM. He idealized Italians. He would have turned her into another Portia, a career woman hampered by tenderness. Bacon would have made a better subject for him.

MRS. CORD. The stuffing of the chicken with snow would make Bacon's comic servant surpass himself.

MR. FOAM. A trio of ageing lawyers would recall forensic battles amid thigh-slapping and sack-swilling, and a sententious counsellor would give Bacon good advice, probably in versified extracts from his own essays; Bacon would look wily for five acts.

MISS BEED. But Bacon was a man of the highest moral tone.

MR. FOAM. Everyone says that Bacon was wily. *Vox populi, vox veritatis*, as we say nowadays.

MRS. CORD. We assume it; I doubt whether Latin is actually spoken much, except in linguistic pockets in the Balkans and, perhaps, in moments of exasperation at Winchester.

MR. FOAM. Exasperation is unknown at Winchester; you must be confusing it with Harrow.

MISS BEED. What a pity it was that Shakespeare lacked the advantages of a public school education.

MRS. CORD. I wonder what effect Dr. Arnold would have had on him; I suppose there would have been more Polonius and less Falstaff.

MR. FOAM. If he had been at Rugby under Arnold he could have lived to employ Gilbert to write his gags. He could also have had his plays attributed to some later Lord Chancellor, say Lord Halsbury.

MISS BEED. I dictate a special note to my girls on Shakespeare's message for womanhood. It would not be so difficult to eke it out if he had lived in the time of Miss Beale and Miss Buss.

MRS. CORD. Don't you point out that Lady Macbeth stuck by her man through thick and thin? By the way, what a mother-in-law she would have made for Amelia Sedley. I am sure Shakespeare could have got more out of the character than he did. Sheer laziness, probably. It is one of his shortest plays.

MISS BEED. Hence its frequent choice for School Certificate. It would not have attained its pre-eminence on moral grounds.

MR. FOAM. Why not? Duncan and Malcolm were moral enough, and virtue triumphs in the end. It is true that Malcolm is one of the dullest characters in English literature; probably that is the real lesson of the play. Macbeth, or Mediocrity Rewarded.

MRS. CORD. The happy ending was only dragged in to please James I. A modern playwright would have shown Lady Macbeth poisoning her husband

and marrying Malcolm, a much more subtle retribution all round. Do you think that Anne Hathaway wrote the Porter's Scene?

MR. FOAM. It shows signs of a Script Conference. I expect she just did the hiccups. They would have been a wow on tour. The topical bits were probably bought individually or they may have belonged to the comedian. How do you explain the Porter to your girls?

MISS BEED. I point out that he was just the kind of servant that a woman like Lady Macbeth would employ. She was not, I tell them, likely to have been a good housekeeper. It is Shakespeare's little way of criticizing her.

MRS. CORD. One sees Bacon's hand in the obliquity of the approach.

MR. FOAM. Perhaps Bacon was one of Shakespeare's gag-men.

FINIS.

R. G. G. PRICE



YOICKS ST. VITUS

Being the Third Instalment of a Probe into the Literary Village

INEVITABLY, just as the clanking cities of the north have produced their ruthless ironmasters (each ironmaster complete with one invalid wife, one shrinking daughter, one wayward son, two overmastering passions, and two attacks of angina pectoris, one fatal) so the village of Yoicks St. Vitus has produced its Man Dominated by the Lust for Power and Riches.

The career of Amos Gird has followed closely the pattern of the prototypes launched in such multitudes during the past half-century. He was a "founding". There is a greybeard in the corner of the fourale bar of the Bagsnatcher's Arms who still tells of the finding of Amos Gird.

"Aye," he says, "'twas Oi found un, but there was two or three found the crittur afore Oi did, an' they put un back, 'e wor that hugly."

By the age of ten Amos was toothless through his habit of grinding his teeth in impotent rage. He had also acquired a working capital of three-halfpence by blackmailing a child weaker than himself. By early manhood his three-halfpence had become, by dint of years of parsimony and penury, twenty-five shillings and fourpence. He had also perfected a method of grinding his gums in impotent rage. Needless to say, he was unlettered, and hideously ugly. His face was gnarled. His hands were gnarled. If he had ever taken a bath he would have discovered that his knees were gnarled also. Naturally, these characteristics made him irresistible to the high-born ladies of the neighbourhood.

"Gi' us a kiss, missis," he would say, and, hypnotized by the subtlety

of his approach, the high-born lady would stand rigid while his gnarled lips sought her damask cheek.

At the age of nineteen he was betrothed to Lady Elfgiva Fruit, after a courtship which included one stopping of her ladyship's runaway horse by Amos; one thrashing of Amos by her ladyship's grooms; and several scenes of mutual frustration during which her ladyship's finely-chiselled lips lifted in scorn, and the gums of Amos ground softly together.

"If," said Lady Elfgiva, "you want a wife who does not love you, a wife who despises you with every fibre of her being, a wife whose flesh creeps at the sight of you, a wife who will be a wife and nothing more—I am yours!"

"Aye," said Amos, "reckon thee'll do, missis."

On the wedding eve the lady's brother sold Amos a racehorse for twenty-five shillings, and then fled the country with his sister, who, of course, was not his sister at all but his wife. The horse proved equally unreliable, and Amos was left with fourpence and a quantity of iron which had entered his soul.

He was given work in the village shop by the man whom, as a child, he had defrauded of three-halfpence. By day he slaved in the shop; by night he wrestled in his icy garret with a tattered textbook on *Elementary Trigonometry*. Often his employer would fling him a coarse jibe.

"Why dost thee waste thi' time wi' they ole books, Amos Gird?"

The eyes of Amos would cross in a stare of indescribable ferocity.

"The square on the hypotenuse



THE WIVES.





Stevie

"... and just as it comes to the boil you add a teaspoonful of salt."

of a right-angled triangle," he answered through his clenched gums, "is equal—mark my words, equal! —to the sum of the squares on the other two sides!"

And, awed by the menace of his tones, his tormentor would creep away.

In a year Amos, making unscrupulous use of the formula $\sin^2 + \cos^2 = 1$, became the owner of the shop, and his former master was his slave.

In ten years Amos has attained the summit of his ambitions. He is sub-postmaster. He is People's Warden. He is on the Parish Council. Yoicks St. Vitus knows him for a ruthless landlord. He holds the title deeds of the Hall, and a mortgage on the Boy Scouts' hut.

One man alone has steadily opposed Amos in his career—Mr. Brownlow, the doctor. He it was who forced Amos to install television in the tumbledown cottages

known as Gird's Rents. He it was who out-bid Amos when the advowson of Yoicks was up for sale. None but he invoked the Poisons Act and compelled Amos to keep a register of his ales of sheep-dip.

Search as he will, Amos Gird can find no chink in the armour of his righteous adversary. His anonymous notes to the Ministry of Health have provoked no official action. All he can do is to lose the doctor's letters, delay his telegrams, and be permanently out of stock of his favourite tobacco.

"Very well, Gird," says Mr. Brownlow, turning away. "you may gloat now—but I read those signs upon your face, man, which cannot be denied. The years of parsimony, the years of violent living, the years of gum-grinding, are taking their toll. Have a care to yourself, Amos Gird!"

And Amos, his nerveless fingers dropping into a tray of stickjaw, watches him go.

The doctor knows. Any night now he expects to be called out to trudge through the blinding rain to stand by Amos's bedside. He is practising a grave headshake all ready for the occasion. The only thing that worries him is that he might be called upon to save his enemy's life by performing a delicate operation on the kitchen table by the light of a hurricane lamp.

Even so, he feels that the grave headshake will come in useful.

(To be continued)

"Nail care does not begin and end with manicure and careful application of nail enamel. Protection of the nails in daily chores is more than half the battle.

Don't whisk the 'phone dial round with carefully pointed nails. Use a knife. Don't rip open envelopes with those prettily curved nails. Use a pencil."

"Sunday Graphic"

Does the Post Office endorse this?



FLORA IN SOHO

WHERE Shaftesbury Avenue divides
The Town between two seamy sides
And chins are blue and coats are draped
And hats are sinistly shaped,
There came a maiden carrying
The first intelligence of spring.

Where vistas of hand-painted tie
Afflict the unaccustomed eye,
She, in her fragrance of print,
Was all that fields and woodlands hint
When through their winter drabness shine
Anemone and celandine.

And oh! the freshness that she shed
On every turned appraising head
As, round her, alien glance and tongue
Proclaimed her rarity among
The rolling stones who gather moss
'Twixt Oxford Street and Charing Cross.

While corner-lounging coves whose bent
Is permanently city pent
Were rurally bewitched when she,
Apparelled most deliciously,
Stepped by as if their dingy street
Were meadow-grass beneath her feet.

And bully boys bought sky-blue suits
With fully fashioned chukka boots,
Moving to other corners where
The sleeping trees in Soho Square
Had changed their winter bombazine
For new-leaved filigree of green.



H. Throgmorton



TORQUEMADA AT BATTERSEA

THE proud *père* and *mère* stood a few yards from me, their eyes glued to the *enfant* seated astride the slowly-moving hobby-horse. Their expressions in some strange way registered a mixture of amusement, anxiety and adoration. Every time the little hand-operated merry-go-round brought their son back to them they saw that his face was crumpled in misery and that large tears glistened on his cheeks. The parents waved and cooed to attract his attention, and as he spotted them the tears evaporated suddenly like drops of ether and an immense smile replaced the lines of anguish.

The hobby-horse moved on and the child twisted his head to keep his parents in vision as long as possible. Then once again, sickeningly, they were lost in the kaleidoscopic blur, and once again the tears welled and the bubble of happiness collapsed.

This emotional cycle was repeated at least thirty times. Unlike the reflexes of Pavlov's dogs the child's remained hopelessly unconditioned: he was still sobbing when the man operating the brass mangle

stopped turning and allowed the machine to slow down. The proud *père* and *mère* rushed forward to rescue their precious from his first encounter with all the fun of the fair.

This little incident occurred in Avignon many years ago, and I am reminded of it now as I read that there is to be "a double-decker children's roundabout, something entirely new in the show business" in the Festival Gardens at Battersea.

Clearly one can be too young to enjoy the potted pleasures of the amusement park, just as one can be too old (too old at forty, I am beginning to suspect) to derive maximum satisfaction from such devilish contraptions as the Whip, the Big Dipper, the Whirligig, the Wall of Death, the Moon Rocket, the Chair-o-Planes, the Cake-Walk, the Steam Yachts . . . yes, and the Tunnel of Love. The arteries must be just right—not too hard, not too soft, and the nerves must be free from kinks and as resilient as ash-plants.

Still I shall do my best (my unlevel best, it will have to be) to reduce the Government's deficit on

the Battersea show. I shall probably allow my children to goad me into the most convulsive and preposterous of vehicles, though I shall assuage my stomach beforehand with some prophylactic or other.

Moreover, I shall almost certainly bore them (my children) with roseate accounts of the fair grounds of my youth and with historical discourses on the origins and development of what the trade knows as amusement machines. I shall tell them (and other parents may be interested in these fruits of my researches*) that the earliest mention of the merry-go-round in Britain is to be found in some verses of 1729:

*Here's the Merry-go-rounds, come
who rides, come who rides, sir?
Wine, beer and cakes, fire-eating
besides, sir.
The "fam'd learned dog" that can tell
all his letters,
And some men, as scholars, are not
much his betters.*

—but that travellers' tales published in the early seventeenth century indicate a much earlier familiarity with roundabouts, swings and "big wheels" on the Continent.

I shall tell them how we used to climb with our mats up the dark, rickety, draughty spiral staircase of the Helter-Skelter; how the conductor of the roundabouts could collect fares ("Children, One Penny: Adults, Twopence") while inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees; how terrified we all were of the giant steam yachts (their hulls, I remember, were always painted with the Union Jack); how the waterfalls of the switchback rides would glitter in the light of the

* Which are based on those of Mr. Thomas Murphy of the Showmen's Guild of Great Britain.





naphtha flares; how good and cheap were the toffee apples, the brandy-snap and the gingerbread . . .

I imagine that the amusement machines at Battersea will be the very latest devices fashioned by eminent industrial designers and constructed from light alloys, synthetic resins and plastics. If so, I shall talk at length of the graven masterpieces of days gone by, of the beautiful multi-coloured horses, cockerels, ostriches and dolphins with their plush saddles and gleaming spirals of brass.

The other day at King's Lynn, at the engineering shop where Frederick Savage pioneered the application of steam power to the roundabouts and swings of the naughty 'eighties and 'nineties, I talked to a few of the survivors of this remarkable craft, one of the shortest-lived crafts, surely, in British economic history. Until the second half of the nineteenth century the hobby-horses were crude, "enlarged examples of rough penny

toys." Yet within a few years the craftsmen of King's Lynn and elsewhere had converted these knacker's hacks into superb thoroughbreds with gorgeous coats, perfect withers and flaring nostrils. And it was all done, I discovered, by patient labour with hammer, chisel, sandpaper, paint and gold leaf.

The cockerels and hobby-horses remained firm favourites for many years. They galloped tirelessly, their sleek heads and necks twisted permanently to the curve of Tattenham Corner. Yes, galloped. Somehow the engineers of the late steam age managed to crank the models in such a way that as they revolved they simulated the syncopated motion of a bounding horse. Wonderful! Particularly wonderful to the boy (I shall tell them) who happened to be reading Fenimore Cooper.

Just across from the "Cocks," and directly opposite the tent in which the man with the elastic skin performed, there stood the Gondolas. (I am thinking of course of the strip of waste land that became "The Wakes" once a year in my home town.) The gondolas ran on a switchback, an undulating circuit consisting of two neatly rounded hills separated by two glaciated straths. They were handsome cars, sumptuously carved, gilded and upholstered, and they glided sweetly

in their metal tracks to the lush music of a mighty steam organ.

In their turn these beasts suffered the fate of the dinosaur and the pterodactyl. Their very size told against them: rising costs of labour and fuel and the cut-throat competition of such flimsy contraptions as the Chair-o-Planes drove them out of business and off the roads which were heavily impregnated and indented by their spoors. And nowadays they are to be found only in those big game preserves, the permanent amusement parks, where the younger generation, raised on Dodgems, regards them superciliously as museum pieces and rusty survivals of Victorianism.

They are almost extinct: and so, too, are the men who fashioned them. Of the craftsmen who carved the dragons, the dolphins, the gondolas, the hobby-horses and the elaborate frescoes for the façades of the booths of boxing and Arabian Nights entertainment only a handful remain. It is very sad. Still, as I say, it will give me something to grumble about when my children try to pull me towards the very latest thing by Torquemada at Battersea.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



THE SWIMMING LESSON

"CAN'T swim?" shouted Harrison, with such a sharp note of incredulity that several people looked out of windows in the houses opposite. "Why, bless my soul, *every* dog can swim. Some need more encouragement than others, that's all." He glanced appraisingly at Cæsar, who returned the look with interest. Having mutually sized each other up they decided to put the matter to the test.

My wife and I and Harrison accompanied Cæsar to the boating

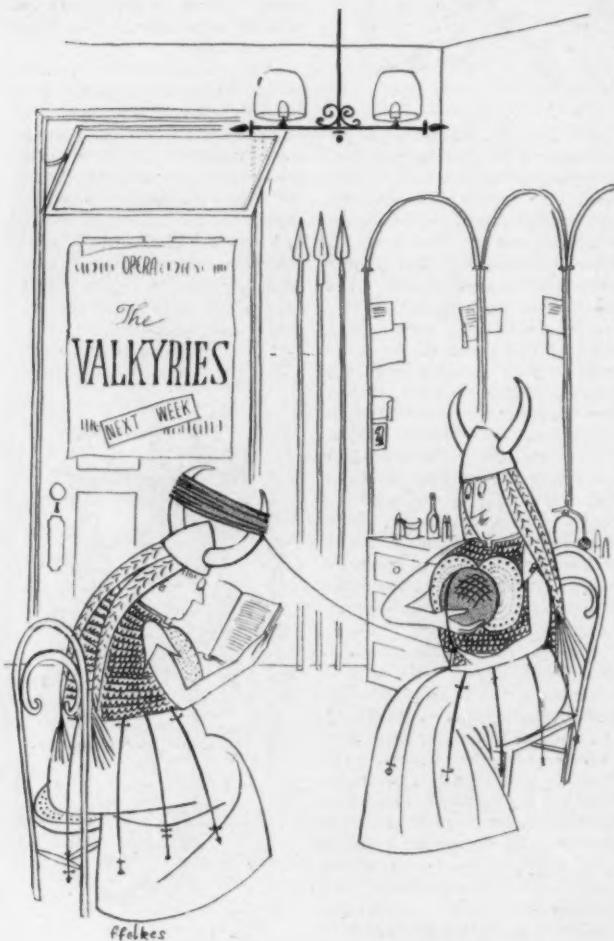
pond in the park, and on the way I pointed out to Harrison that he was attempting the impossible. I said I had tried many, many times to get Cæsar into the water, but it usually ended by the procedure being reversed. Harrison asked in superior tones how I set about it. I said I waited until Cæsar's attention was fully occupied elsewhere, then I crept up behind him and gave a sudden push. Harrison remarked that the method was crude and certainly unscientific. Any fool

should know that an animal jumps sideways when pushed from behind. He said it was an instinctive reaction and that I deserved to have a ducking because of my inexcusable ignorance of such matters.

During our walk to the park Cæsar must have been surreptitiously inviting other dogs to come along, for by the time we reached the water's edge we found ourselves at the head of a procession which stretched for fifty yards or more behind us. It was a quiet, orderly procession—intent upon enjoying itself later on. I've known a crowd converging on a football ground to show similar signs of suppressed excitement.

Harrison said the great thing was to put the dog at ease; then it became sufficiently self-confident to jump in of its own accord. I pointed out that Cæsar always appeared to have self-confidence in over-abundance, but Harrison didn't hear—he was down on one knee beside Cæsar, whispering encouragement in his right ear. Apparently this tickled the beast, for after a moment it started to scratch itself, taking Harrison by surprise so that he toppled over backwards. As if they regarded this as a curtain-raiser all the other dogs moved forward into better positions around the pond. Their tongues lolled out expectantly and several of the more excitable ones set up a shrill yapping.

Cæsar finished scratching, investigated the recumbent Harrison, and after sniffing at him for a second or two blew in his face. Harrison struggled into an upright position, shooed away a dozen or more of the nearest spectators, and having patted Cæsar to show he bore him no ill-will told him to sit down. Cæsar sat down and winked at the other dogs; then he put his face to the sky and howled. Cæsar's howling wasn't a pretty sound, and Harrison turned round to ask me sharply if the dog were ill. I said no he wasn't ill, he always made that noise when he wanted to play. Harrison said that a bit of discipline might do Cæsar a lot of good; then he went down on one knee again and all the dogs assumed expressions of pleasurable anticipation.



Harrison put one arm around Cæsar and pointed with his other to the distant shore opposite. He appeared to be exhorting the animal to deeds of heroism by making an impassioned recital of some ancient saga. Cæsar suddenly jumped to his feet, backed from under Harrison's caressing touch and led a yelling cohort of canine friends around the edge of the pond on a furious sortie—the main purpose of which was to take a look at the enemy Harrison had told them lurked on the far side. To save himself from pitching into the water Harrison flung out his other hand and thereby made unexpected and violent contact with a passing mongrel of immense proportions, who first gave a yelp of surprise and then made a wide circle around him, glaring back over its shoulder every few steps and hurling a mixture of threats and derision in his direction.

By the time Harrison had risen to his feet again Cæsar and his company of desperadoes had completed the circuit of the pond and were now clustered around their human friend, noisily pointing out to him that he had been in error in supposing there to be anything wrong over yonder.

Harrison discouraged a few of the more enthusiastic animals with his foot, and then singled Cæsar out from among the crowd pressing so thickly about him. Cæsar sat down again and the others sorted themselves out, with their attention divided equally between Harrison and a private fight which suddenly started immediately behind him. Harrison waved his walking-stick about like a conductor of a symphony orchestra, the individual performers of which had gone completely mad. Dogs flew from him on all sides, and when quiet was finally restored only six others besides Cæsar remained. All the survivors sat on their haunches and licked their lips in an effort to appear quite at ease.

Then, very gently, Harrison placed the stick in Cæsar's mouth. Cæsar looked surprised at this and wagged his tail. He had half expected a whack over the head, and Thor having offered him his thunderbolt instead successfully calmed his



"Someone ought to stop us before we get hurt."

doggy fears. Harrison removed the stick, backed a few paces and put it down on the ground; then he called Cæsar and told him to pick it up. After this had been repeated several times Cæsar began to look as though Harrison had taken leave of his senses—but he cheerfully continued to oblige all the same. Until, that is, Harrison snatched away the stick from under his nose and hurled it across the pond to the far bank. Cæsar at once let out a bark of consternation, which effectively summoned the remaining dogs to his side, then led them off round the pond once more.

This time the mass idea seemed to approximate more to the running of a friendly race than the making of a warlike sortie. Two dogs soon gained the lead, and when the whole company reached the other side Cæsar could do no better than hold grimly on to third place. A Manchester terrier seized hold of Harrison's stick, swung round happily and pushed the end of it into a companion's face, then made off at a brisk pace towards the distant gates. Most of the other dogs gave up the chase after a minute or two, each making its separate way homewards. The general feeling seemed to be that a good time had been had by all and there was little merit in flogging a dead horse—Harrison couldn't reasonably be expected to

provide any more fun. But they didn't know Harrison.

Within a quarter of an hour he had not only retrieved his stick but was once more down on his knees at Cæsar's side by the edge of the pond. He tried placing the stick a number of times in Cæsar's mouth, and then, with much bravado, threw it into the middle of the pond. Cæsar first looked shocked—then anxious. He trotted round the edge several times in a helpless kind of way, then finally rushed off howling as though the devil were after him.

It took us some time to convince Harrison that if his stick really were valuable he had better wade in after it. We finally achieved success by instilling confidence into him. As the park-keeper said when we fetched him along, the pond was an artificial one with a good concrete bottom, and in no place was it more than a foot deep. He said it had been kept shallow on purpose. In summer the kids could paddle, and the dogs weren't tempted to go swimming in it as they would have been if the water was any deeper.

"RAILWAYS BACK TO
NORMAL
Talks Open On
Higher Fares."
"Evening News"

As we feared.



[Loaves and Fishes]

Black Sheep

The Hon. and Rev. Canon Theodore Spratte—
MR. KYNASTON REEVES
Mrs. Railing—MISS VI STEVENS

AT THE PLAY

Loaves and Fishes (NEW BOLTONS)
VARIETY (PALLADIUM)



WHEN Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM's *Loaves and Fishes* came briefly to the stage in 1911 some of the critics showed surprising sympathy with the wiles by which *Canon Spratte* rescued his daughter from a Peckham marriage and steered her safely into the peerage and a fortune. Society was still Society; and lacing a guest's tea with gin in order that she should make a fool of herself was not, apparently, reprehensible if by so doing you could persuade your daughter that the woman would be an impossible mother-in-law. At forty years remove, however, the *Canon* appears a monster of snobbery and a most improper inhabitant of a clerical collar. The play has two funny situations, but now it seems uncomfortably cruel, to Peckham as well as to the Church. *Mrs. Railing*, a stout tornado from one of George Belcher's upper drawers, would no doubt impinge powerfully on a marriage aspiring to gentility, but

if I had to spend an evening with one of the characters from this comedy it would of course be with her; pint for pint she would be wonderful company.

The *Canon's* passion for Consols and *Debrett* is laid on pretty thick, but Mr. PETER CORES' production, which is rough, lays it on even more thickly than I imagine the author intended. Avarice and ambition fairly ooze out of Mr. KYNASTON REEVES. The tactical retreat of the *Canon* from marriage with a lady who pretends to be poorer than he thought her makes a good scene, but the best thing in the play, one might almost say its justification, is the tea party he arranges to demonstrate the full awfulness of the *Railings*. Gin-loosed, *Mrs. Railing*

dominates this fruitily, and for extra measure there is the tackling of the *Canon's* hearty brother, *Lord Spratte*, by the earnest *Miss Railing* on the futility of the Upper House. *Lord Spratte* is a simple fellow of no pretensions, charmingly taken by Mr. JULIAN D'ALBIE; and if *Mrs. Railing* and I were obliged to have a third in our corner of the bar it would certainly be he. *Miss UNA VENNING* gives a nice sketch of the *Canon's* long-suffering sister, and Mr. PETER WYNGARDE makes *Bertram Railing* a likeable boy despite his priggishness, but the honours go to Miss VI STEVENS as *Bertram's* adorable mother; she brings a gust of warm life into what, so long after, seems a very thin affair.

I gather Mr. HOAGY CARMICHAEL may be one of your Saturday night familiars, but his image had never come my way. He walked on to the stage of the Palladium looking like a tired, small-town doctor on his way to play

golf: short, neat, leathery, confident, and, as I said, tired. Being sick to death of singing songs, even though they are of his own composition, is a big part of his stock-in-trade. But while I think he overdoes this pose—the low drawl, the slow movements, the general air of take-it-or-leave-it which in an artist of his skill and magnetism are rather waste of time—it is important to note that his manners, in spite of his boredom, are good. The oily egotism which is the burden of so many successful crooners is notably absent. He has an intelligent pair of eyes, and when his lean casual face cracks into a smile you are suddenly friends. His behaviour at the piano is that of an uncle who has been told to play to the children for half an hour but not get them too excited. In one of his songs is a bird's twitter; dissatisfied with this, he stops everything—a private quartet, and sometimes all the *Skyrockets*, are at his back—and murmuring "We must find a better bird!" goes after fresh notes with those athletic hands that have already reminded others of Chico Marx. But behind all this calculated informality there is an acute sense of rhythm and timing



[Palladium]

Lazybones
MR. HOAGY CARMICHAEL

that puts him among the big shots. His voice serves a microphone well enough, but I should guess it is nothing extraordinary. His songs have more amusing lyrics than is the fashion, and are less dipped in sugar. I like him.

This programme, just finished at the Palladium, showed how many good turns are still to be found for the music-hall. **REX RAMER**, for instance, would pass anywhere in reason as a considerable professor of the cornet (I think it was a cornet—small, knob-studded, wind-driven), but after he has been playing for a bit, tooting high notes accurately into the gallery, you find his brass-work is full of stockings and he himself is the cornet—as he is afterwards the fiddle, the guitar and a number of other instruments. So far as I could see there was no special engineering in his mouth; he just seems to possess a pair of formidably pneumatic lips that lesser men unfortunately have been denied. The **FIVE VARIAS** are an aerial ballet of intrepid girls who lace their limbs together in drilled eurythmic movements on a swinging bar at an uncomfortable height. The word "ballet" is often carelessly applied in the circus world, but here it has some meaning. **SAVANNAH CHURCHILL**, and **THE STRIDERS** sing darkie songs simply and well. **LOS ONA** present a brilliant perch act in which a man juggles with knives at the top of an enormous pole balanced on his mate's feet; it is one of those turns that make you wonder how it feels to begin rehearsal on a wet Monday morning. **EDITH CROCKER'S TEDDY BEARS**, resembling in their loose fur coats very rich clowns, cycle round the stage with an air of faint surprise at this unexpected accomplishment.

I never knew that bears had such beautifully shiny bicycles.

Recommended

Kiss me, Kate (Coliseum) almost lives up to the gale of ballyhoo that preceded it. *To Dorothy, a Son* (Garrick) is original nonsense, and *Count Your Blessings* (Wyndhams) a neat domestic comedy.

ERIC KEOWN

WILD MEN OF THE BRUSH

A JESTING critic, in 1905, called a newly-formed group of French painters "Les Fauves"—wild men, or beasts. The painters took the nickname as a compliment, it has become historical, and a retrospective exhibition of Fauve painting, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco's, invites us to consider why and to what extent it was wild, and what it achieved.

It was largely a question of colour, which the Fauves used in a free, a vivid and even a violent way to assert its importance, its emotional value. They let drawing and composition take care of themselves—and in this they were negatively wild, so to speak. They reversed the system of priorities in art which the Renaissance masters had established.

Thus the old master made a picture in orderly stages: the general plan of the subject, first; the drawing; the light and shade . . . the work was already complete in "half-tone" before the colour stage—which was also the last. Colour was the rouge and mascara on firmly modelled features, not essential to their beauty though enriching their effect. With the Fauves, however, it came first. It was the composition. In a sense it was the subject. It outweighed drawing. It edged "light and shade" out of the picture.

The question was, and remains, whether colour was fit to bear all this responsibility. On the evidence of their method alone it is probable that the old masters would have denied it. Ingres summed up the classic approach when he said that drawing was "the probity of art." The brilliance of colour was suspect to Leonardo. Bright pigments, he remarked, give credit, not to the painter but those who made them: which might almost be a criticism of one of the Fauve André Derain's views of the Thames, gaudy with raw vermillion and ultramarine. It is a drastic test to compare such a picture with almost any old master in black-and-white reproduction. The old master would still be solid

and coherent, from the other the meaning goes with the paint.

But now for the other side, on which there are arguments too. The new importance of colour is not limited to a few "wild men"; it appears in most painting of interest since the day of Constable and Turner, from Pre-Raphaelite to Post-Impressionist. One could write



a history of modern art in terms of the spectrum. Colour has been its favourite science, as perspective was in the fifteenth century. The idea that all hues (in every aspect of nature) derive

from the primary red, blue and yellow in itself opposed the old way of painting and banished the umbers and siennas from the palette. It was only a step from colour science to exploiting its emotional force. In taking this step the Fauves were not alone. They followed Van Gogh (with his greedy delight in lemon chrome and orange lead, malachite and carmine) as Van Gogh followed others before him. To Leonardo's objection they would presumably have replied that bright colours are to the painter's credit if he can "step-up" the effect to a new intensity: nor would they have considered the black-and-white reproduction a criticism, for did it not show that colour in their pictures was an essential function? There was so much method in their wildness. They did achieve some of the intensity they aimed at. All the same, Fauve painting was lacking in substance and goes to prove that colour cannot do everything. Its shortcomings in no way reflect on the value of discoveries about colour made in the last hundred years: but they throw into relief the need for design and drawing too. **WILLIAM GAUNT**



"Wartime freedom for a householder to keep backyard pigs without the authority of the landlord or local authority will be withdrawn on July 1. After that pigs can be kept only with their consent."—*Daily Express*"

One grunt for "yes," two for "no."



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Tuesday, April 3rd

It was, undoubtedly, the welcome reappearance of Mr. Speaker CLIFTON BROWN,

House of Lords:
Talk on Transport
House of Commons:
All Quiet

seemingly recovered from his pre-Easter indisposition, that started it all. He seemed so calm and bright, so good-humoured and friendly, that it would clearly have been churlish for anyone else to say anything harsh or unkind.

And so the miracle happened. The House of Commons had separated for the Easter recess in its worst temper and mood, and there had been rumours that even this was to be excelled. So the public galleries were crowded with expectant onlookers, ready to gain their own first-hand impressions of the much-publicized scenes of "uproar" and confusion. As the proceedings proceeded, a look of puzzlement (and, honesty compels your scribe to record, disappointment) came to the faces of some of these onlookers.

For the whole of the day's business—with only the minutest of exceptions—went with the sedate quietude of a Dorcas meeting. Indeed, late at night, Mr. HERVEY RHODES, of the Board of Trade, commented that he thought a Tory Member had been taking sewing lessons, and nobody thought the suggestion far-fetched.

Let us dispose of the few lapses first, and then forget them. There was that roaring, spontaneous, explosive cheer of delighted approval when Mr. RICHARD STOKES, the new "Lord Festival" in charge of the Festival of Britain, spoke of some changes made in the management of the Fun Fair, consequent on the unexpected additional loss of a million pounds or so on the preparatory work.

Mr. S. commented that it was right that, if there appeared to be something wrong with the control of public money, there should be changes in the top direction.

Before the new Party Manners had time to assert themselves there was a roar of cheers which lasted for a couple of minutes. Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, ruminating on his coming Budget, blushed and grinned as the Opposition pointedly directed its cheers at him. And then Mr. MORRISON, first Lord Festival, happened to come in, and the cheers started all over again with (as the politicians used to say) renewed vigour. Mr. M., good sportsman that he is, grinned too. Mr. S. stood at the Box crying "This is *serious!*"

When quiet had been restored he announced that Sir Henry



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. H. S. Morrison
Foreign Secretary (Lewisham, S.)

French, head of the Board running the Fun Fair, had resigned to show his acceptance of this theory that, in money matters, it's tough at the top. The cheers turned to sympathetic murmurs for one whose great services to the nation are recognized by all. And, said Mr. S., an accountant was looking into things and preparing a report.

The rest of Question-time and the main business of the day went through like a flash, and in no time at all the House was dealing with Opposition "prayers" against Government Orders.

It was the insistence on "praying" that had led to such scenes before Easter, and the galleries stirred expectantly. The press gallery filled, sketch-writers poised their pens eagerly. But no, the peace had descended even on the

prayer-meeting, and only about fifty Members were scattered over the Chamber. All was quiet and friendly, and a final touch of mateship was given when it was seen that Mr. WILLIE WHITELEY, the Government Chief Whip, and Mr. PATRICK BUCHAN-HEPBURN, his Opposition opposite number, were on (rather chilly) nodding terms once more. Before Easter it had become known that even the "usual channels" had been getting somewhat clogged in the general stirring-up of unpleasantness.

Obviously feeling that they had been cheated, the occupants of the public galleries left. But all true admirers of Parliament must have felt relieved that a course of conduct which could have done the institution no good had seemingly been abandoned by both Government and Opposition.

Their Lordships were having one of those delicately critical debates in which they excel. Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU, mentioning that he was continuing a campaign started by his father twenty-five years ago, asked for bold measures to meet London's traffic problems and disentangle the jams. And the more delay the greater the cost, said his Lordship, topically.

Lord STRABOLGI, loyally supporting Lord Festival in Another Place, expressed the (subtle) fear that so great would be the multitudes going to the Festival that their very Lordships might find it difficult to get to Parliament, come May.

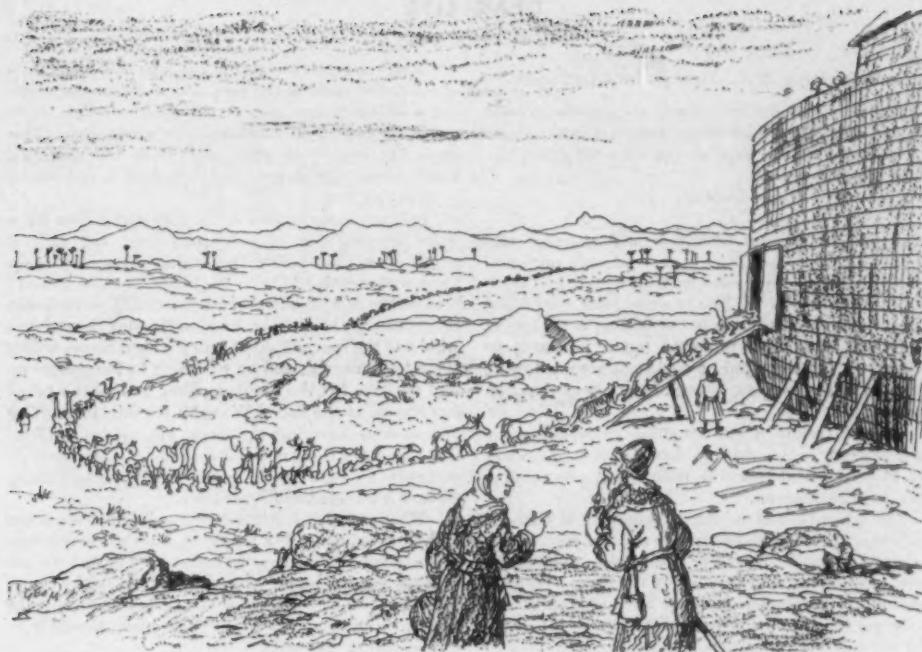
Lord LUCAS, for the Ministry of Transport, was vaguely soothing, and their Lordships let it go at that.

Wednesday, April 4th

It was, alas! a flash in the pan, a passing mood, a fleeting ray.

To-day all returned to normal in the House of Commons. Tempers were frayed, nasty comments were made, petty

House of Commons:
Return to Normal



"Wouldn't it have been better to ask the neighbours to look after them while we're away?"

points scored—all absolutely according to modern pattern.

Even Mr. MORRISON, normally the very embodiment of sunny equanimity (except when dealing with unreasonable critics of the F. of B.), seemed gruff and easily angered. He figured in the longest cross-examination but one of the whole afternoon. The longest was suffered by the Postmaster-General, Mr. NESS EDWARDS, who announced some pretty sweeping increases in Post Office charges.

Mr. MORRISON's "go" concerned the proposal to cut (or, as he preferred to put it, not to increase) the overseas news services of the B.B.C. Various Members, on both sides of the House, contended that this was a silly thing to do at the time when we most needed to put over the British point of view, and when we were spending fairly freely on other, and possibly less essential, things. Mr. EDEN went so far as to

say that even the rearinament programme took second place to good propaganda as a preventer of war.

Mr. MORRISON's line (though it is fair to say that he seemed to have but small relish for it) was that in matters of finance every little helped and that he felt he ought to back the Chancellor in trying to save public money in all proper ways. He expressed shocked surprise at hearing the Opposition call for an increase in expenditure on the information services—which they had so often urged the Government to cut down; and he added, with much greater conviction, that he did not propose to give way to pressure from "certain quarters"—but would not particularize when Mr. EDEN asked what that phrase meant.

There had been a lot of shouting and counter-shouting, and Mr. Speaker drily commented that "a

regular Party fight" seemed to be developing, so he stopped it. A little later Mr. NESS EDWARDS started a non-Party (or was it *all*-Party?) fight by announcing the Post Office increases—on parcels, kiosk telephone-calls, money orders, telegrams, and so on. Whistles of dismay greeted the announcements, and the House was not greatly mollified by the P.M.G.'s mild comment that nothing was to go up *more than fifty per cent.*

But good (if a trifle bitter) humour was restored when Mr. EDWARDS, denying that the Treasury took any financial contribution from the Post Office, admitted that it took the whole of the financial surplus. He seemed to think this something very different. The rest of the House could not see the distinction.

More, as the sports columns say, is likely to be heard of this matter.

DEAR LIFE

II. LIGHT COME, LIGHT GO

To Major Bang, M.C., Tight Corner, Kettledrum

DEAR MAJOR BANG.—Could you manage to come and have dinner with us one day next week instead of on Friday, as we have no lights in the house this week? I am so sorry.

Yours sincerely . . .

To anyone preoccupied with the meat shortage this unhappily-phrased letter could be read only one way, and Major Bang's reply sounded as if it, too, had come out of cold storage. We hastily wrote back, explaining that our reference had been to the *lighting* in the house, and Major Bang then professed (on a postcard) to understand, but regretted he could not accept "owing to a previous engagement"—one of seven days' duration presumably.

We then returned our attention to repairing the electric plant, which has no batteries but generates direct current, and therefore must always be running when the lights are on.

The advantage of having a generator is that we don't have to worry about power cuts, and operating it is simplicity itself. There are two press-buttons in the house, one to start and one to stop the thing, and after pressing the starter-button all we have to do is go out to the garage, where the generator is housed, and see why it won't work—a trifling inconvenience in view of the fact that we never have to worry about power cuts.

Now, the engine *starts* on petrol but *runs* on stuff called vaporizing oil, and what has usually happened is that the vaporizing oil has seeped into the carburettor. The drill is to drain the carburettor, let in the petrol, switch on and, with luck, off she goes.

On such occasions, drunk with success, we forget everything else, and when we get back to the house we remember about switching over to the vaporizing oil. By now, for some strange reason, it has always started to rain, and the odds are that the engine will poison itself with petrol before we can find our raincoat. Nine times out of ten it does, and it's no use continuing the search in the dark, so we sprint for the garage with our collar up and drain the carburettor again. This time we remember to switch over.

Returning to the house, where everyone is now discussing what likelihood there is of getting on to the mains before 1960, we change into dry clothes and settle down with a book.

At this point, but never earlier, the lights start fluctuating because the carburettor needle valve wants adjusting. Discussion about the mains instantly gives way to an outcry denouncing (much to our surprise) not the generator but *us*, and on starting off for the garage again we find it is blowing about Force Nine on the Beaufort Scale, so we need goloshes and some string to tie our hat on with—and while we're searching for these someone is sure to beg us to DO SOMETHING about the LIGHTS and NOT MESS ABOUT.

When we reach the garage the roar of the engine is added to the noise of the gale, and as the needle needs but a half-turn one way or the other we turn it, in mounting anger and confusion, the wrong way. This stops the engine at once, and from the darkened house, above the storm, float bitter cries and voices prophesying war.

It is advisable to stay in the garage this time for a while, keeping out of everyone's way and making adjustments, but before the engine is running again some well-meaning idiot in the house, anxious to help, presses the starter-button and practically electrocutes us. Swearing abominably, we struggle back through the wind and the rain and shout into the unlit house, telling them to be careful, and on returning to the garage we find we have left the needle undone, and all the petrol has run on to the floor. We can't *see* this, because by this time we have lost the torch, but we can smell it. The important thing now is not to lose our head as well, otherwise we shall fill the petrol tank with vaporizing oil and the engine will *never* start.

When at last it is running we squelch into the house and someone makes us a hot drink, after which it is time to go to bed. The one consolation now is that we can at least *stop* the engine without going out of the house, although, as it is running on vaporizing oil, the moment it is stopped it won't start again, should it be needed during the night.

Unless we go out now and switch over to petrol . . .

Upon this, everyone suddenly becomes very solicitous and offers to do it for us, but as everyone except us has already taken the precaution of undressing we brush past them without a word, put on three overcoats, a muffler, a sou'wester and gumboots and set sail once more.

It is while we are tacking towards the garage that someone indoors, finally overcome with compassion, says "It's too bad: we shan't want the lights again to-night: press the button, quick, and save him bothering."

The wrong button is then pressed, and the smooth roar of the engine is suddenly rent by the crash and clang of the self-starter trying to engage it at two thousand revs. a minute. The next day we start repairing the damage and write to Major Bang, telling him we have no lights.

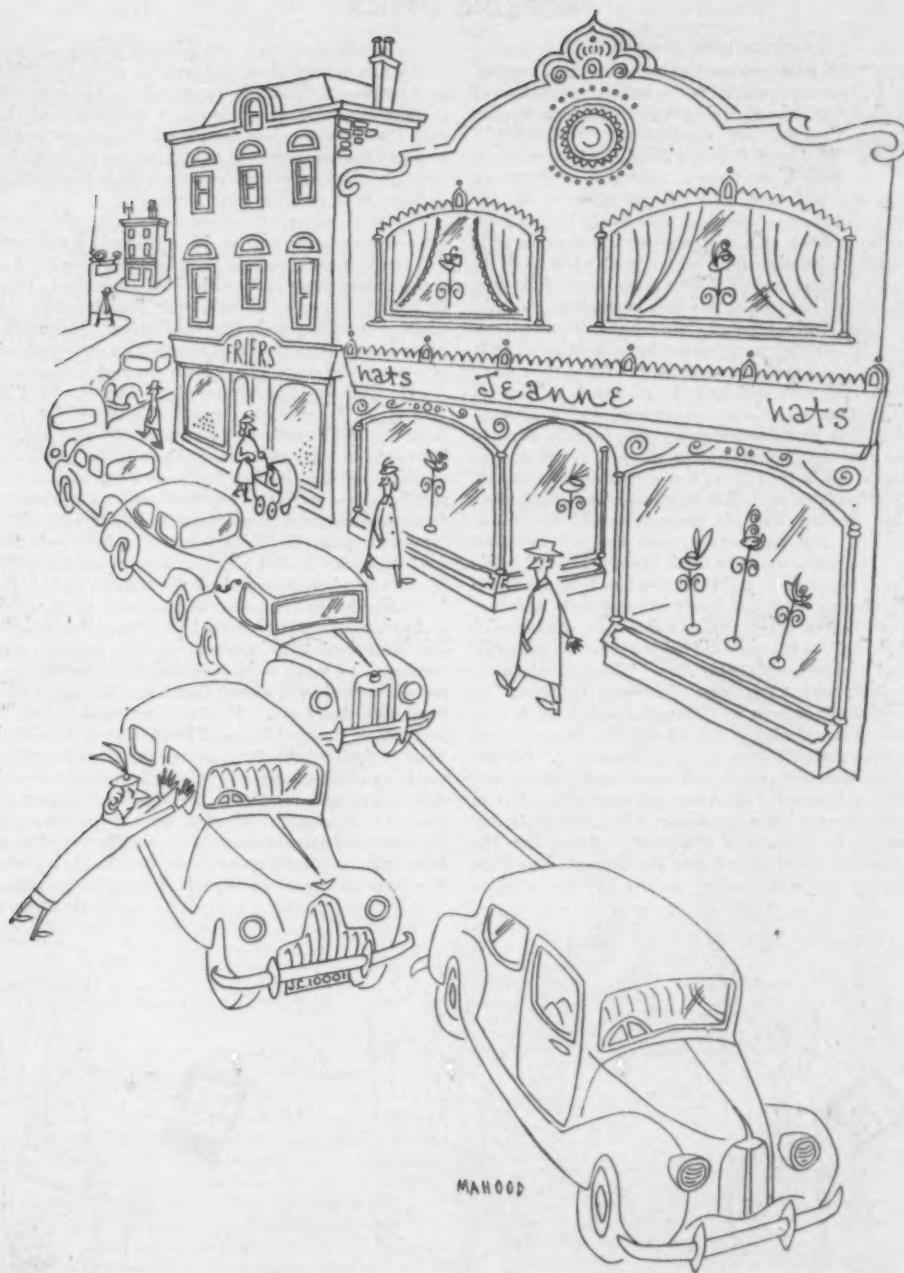
One day, no doubt, the electrical unions will find out about this and threaten to strike unless we undertake never to touch the generator again. That is what we're hoping, anyway. The issue is clearly a serious one, and of course there's the principle of the thing.

* * *

"A suggestion that the 120-mile radio link, which first relayed London television pictures to the Midlands, is now 'The G.P.O.'s most expensive white telephone,' was authoritatively denied in Birmingham to-day."

Birmingham paper.

By telephone?



BOOKING OFFICE

Culture and Liberalism



HE job of criticism seems to be, then, to recall liberalism to its first essential imagination of variousness and possibility, which implies the awareness of complexity and difficulty." Mr. Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination*, though in form a collection of reprinted essays and addresses, is a coherent piece of literary criticism directed to this end. Whether he is examining a writer, a book or a contemporary assumption he is criticizing liberalism from within, and he is likely to run into a good deal of trouble from those of his own side who do not care to see their weaknesses so ruthlessly and fairly exposed. American liberals cannot ignore Mr. Trilling as an enemy beyond the pale; he is so obviously a good liberal himself. When their creed has become narrowed and dehumanized by love of organization, out-of-date psychology and a view of reality that limits and impoverishes, he calls them to clean out the choked springs of their belief and to reconsider it in the light of the contemporary situation as it actually exists. This is valuable and unpopular.

Mr. Trilling, like his masters Arnold and Eliot, combines "high seriousness" with the practice of an art. His profession is to teach literature; but his impulse is to create it, and this saves him from the sterile perfectionism and unfairness of academic criticism. He talks about novels not only as a man who has read passionately in the great tradition but as the author of one of the best novels of his time. When one compares this book with "Principles of Literary Criticism" or "Scrutinies" or even with "Axel's Castle" one is conscious of a widening of approach. The literary critic has been forced out of his ivory laboratory. He has become aware of people and causes and politics, and though this range of awareness will seem destructive of standards to an older generation it does not imply any lessening in closeness of attention; it means that the professional critic has rejoined the Common Reader in realizing that literature is written by men creating

and responding to social and political situations, that it is conceived in ideas and written in words. The moderation of Mr. Trilling's attack on his narrower predecessors is probably due to a recognition of the debt that he owes them for their insistence on trying to apply the uncommitted intelligence to the work-in-itself; but, having learned from them, he is now leading criticism back into the main stream.

He is a serious writer, not a dry one. He is not often overtly amusing, yet his writing is humorous; and the humour gives his style balance. His concise, authoritative prose needs to be read more slowly than its lucidity requires. As with some French critics, the pleasure of reading makes the reading lax. Its quality, never showy or entertaining, comes from the operation of a powerfully simplifying intellect on varied materials.

He discusses general questions, like the Idea of Reality in America, the relation between Art and Neurosis, and Freud's views on art. He also applies his methods—and thus allows them to be tested—to significant writers, Kipling and Scott Fitzgerald, and to significant works, "Huckleberry Finn," "The Princess Casamassima," and Wordsworth's Immortality Ode. Readers who want nothing from critics but conducted tours will wish he had gone on illuminating the past; he can extend awareness of a book without rewriting it in his own image. However, like so many great critics and so many great Americans, he is primarily a preacher and concerned with conduct, in this case literary conduct. He wants more good books to be written and more educated men to find themselves in truer alignment with their times. He stands for mind as against acceptance, the modulating of ideas as against treating them as rigid entities, the sanity of the artist as against the heresy that art is a morbid by-product of neurosis, the variety and complexity of reality as against its limitation to matter. When so much is written about the defence of liberal culture it is a valuable corrective to have a discussion of its content, for only by the superior humanity of its content can liberalism really survive.

R. G. G. PRICE



Future Prospects

Night Journey, though a story of the future, is neither satire nor fantasy. It is a work of intense, consistent and controlled imagination, ruthless in the logic of its pessimism and appallingly credible as a sequel to the sorry present. Its time, which clearly is not far distant, and its place, which is somewhere in Europe, a debatable land where the miseries of war are endemic, Mr. Albert J. Guerard has left deliberately imprecise; but the presentation of each particular incident and scene is vivid and exact. It is, so to speak, a bifocal book, in which the wider prospect of a world "without hope or illusion" and the nearer view of an individual in search of private salvation demand simultaneous and equal attention. Nor is that hard to give, for their integration, in a doom-laden atmosphere, is complete. Sergeant Paul Haldan's dilemma of incompatible loyalties, though it has universal implications, springs from and exists in the particular. His adventures are not spiritual only but physical and exciting.

F. B.

Graham Greene, Critic

The first collection of Mr. Graham Greene's literary criticism, *The Lost Childhood*, is no disappointment. He has never been a haphazard novelist, and all his work shows him deeply sensible of the writer's problems. Some of the essays now brought together are very fragmentary; nearly all are interesting, though he falls into sweeping statements and is inclined to mass the big guns of his savage irony—formidable weapons, admittedly—on rather modest targets. When he claims that "every creative writer worth our consideration, every writer who can be called in the wide eighteenth-century use of the term a poet, is a victim: a man given over to an obsession," one wonders, for instance, about Jane Austen. Samuel Butler is dismissed with contempt, apparently because of his views on immortality. On James, whom he believes to have been ruled by a sense of evil that had religious intensity, Mr. Greene is at his best. He can be lightly amusing, too, as on Beatrix Potter and the rest of his reading in childhood. He is never dull.

E. O. D. K.

Carillon for Poor Lovers

The same qualities that made "Bodies and Souls" and "The Poor Girl" such remarkable novels are evident in *The Bellringer's Wife* (published in Paris under the title *Maria, Fille de Flandre*): there is the same intense dramatization of common emotional experiences, the same brilliant documentation and the same leavening of ready-reckoner philosophy. M. Maxence van der Meersch's formula is highly successful even though it is patent. Here he tells a sad and simple story of hopeless love, of human weakness and fortitude. Maria is the unhappy wife of the bellringer of Bruges and her lover is Germain, the unhappy husband of Jeanne of Arras. Their brief encounter

leaves them wretched and shameful, and their parting, full of woe and echoes of Thomas Hardy, is a tear-jerker that Hollywood will surely find hard to resist. Most of the story is set in Bruges, in the famous Belfry, in the Béguinage and by the waters of the Minnewater. The sketches are as clear and as detailed as Vermeer's.

A. B. H.

Philosophies Old and New

Versatile Charles Morgan, acutely conscious of the threat to freedom of thought presented by an active atheist totalitarianism armed now, perhaps, with some devil-designed physical means to subvert human personality, prefaces a selection of his relevant essays with a new study in which he aims to analyse and estimate this arising terror of the Kremlin. Throughout all the chapters of his *Liberties of the Mind* he is contending that classicists and romantics should seek to compose their keen but not very bitter differences, or at any rate to consolidate for mutual support on the great areas of spiritual belief acceptable to both. As always, he delights one by producing at every turn the peculiarly happy phrasing that is first a little surprising



"Now look. This is my last, genuine fully fashioned warning."

and then inevitable. He is least successful when most nearly political, but convincing as well as charming when dealing with topics such as the relation of master to pupil or the place of the artist in the community.

C. C. P.

New Persian Pictures

Mr. Robert Payne had the luck to make his *Journey to Persia* an amateur attaché in the train of the Asia Institute of New York. Isfahan, Shiraz, Persepolis, Meshed—our author, a well-read, well-travelled man, alert to observe and skilful in reporting, succeeds in communicating his delight in the departed and extant glories of palace, garden, shrine and mosque—helped by some admirable illustrations. His chief interest is, however, in the opinions of living Persians about the problems of their country, and proves him to be that excellent type of traveller the eager listener. Poets, professors, politicians, students, a nomad khan, even the Shah and his sister, open their minds to him. Arriving in an expectant mood he left in a mood of frank exultation—"It is not too dangerous to prophesy that out of Persia will come the next rerudescence of human splendour." That is, of course, as may be. But his Persian friends will have no reason to complain of their devoted press agent.

J. P. T.



"D'you know, I get the oddest notion at times that we've been here before."

Youth at the Prow
 A study of young people living on hors-d'oeuvres for lack of confidence in the main courses of life, *A Time Outworn* strikes one as fair comment on the academic young of lower middle-class Dublin—and perhaps on the academic young elsewhere. A first novel, it opens attractively with the courtship of a schoolboy and schoolgirl who hope to prolong their companionable approach to wedlock at college. Diarmuid wins a scholarship; but the needier Maeve fails and goes as a librarian to a small Tipperary town. Her discovery that there is little of what she deems civilized outside Dublin comes as more of a surprise to the semi-emancipated girl than to the young Kerry schoolmaster who shares her exile. Graceful décor and genuine comic relief do their best for the triangle; but the book's vaguely-plotted course, which impels Miss Val Mulkerns to a catastrophe that is no more than an easy way out, is a betrayal of much that is promising.

H. P. E.

We Look at Britain

Britain, a small country in acreage, is yet not so small as to be fully described in less than two hundred pages, and the team of writers responsible for the letter-press of *The British Countryside in Colour* are more to be praised for covering so much than blamed for leaving anything out. In the circumstances a slightly guide-book flavour here and there would seem inescapable; the geological bias of some of the articles is interesting. As an introduction to Britain the book is excellent, and many readers will find pleasure in here renewing their own memories. The writers are interrupted on almost every page by photographs, good and very good, and there are thirty-five coloured plates from water-colour drawings by S. R. Badmin. These are finely characteristic of the countrysides they depict—the artist excels in the wide view with abundant detail, though with seas and lakes, the water-colourist's favourite stamping-ground, he is not at his happiest.

B. E. S.

Books Reviewed Above

The Liberal Imagination. Lionel Trilling. (Secker and Warburg, 15/-)

Night Journey. Albert J. Guerard. (Longmans, 10/6)
The Lost Childhood. Graham Greene. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12/6)

The Bellringer's Wife. Maxence van der Meersch. (William Kimber, 10/6)

Liberties of the Mind. Charles Morgan. (Macmillan, 12/6)
Journey to Persia. Robert Payne. (Heinemann, 15/-)

A Time Outworn. Val Mulkerns. (Chatto and Windus, 9/6)
The British Countryside in Colour. Eleven authors; paintings by S. R. Badmin, R.W.S. (Odhams, 18/-)

Other Recommended Books

Strangers on a Train. Patricia Highsmith. (Cresset Press, 9/6) Murder for pleasure by young American degenerate, and how it involves the innocent. Ingenious, interesting, and far better written than many more important novels. Improbable?—remember Leopold and Loeb.

The 24th Horse. Hugh Pontecost. (Robert Hale, 9/6) Straightforward whodunit with carefully constructed plot. Puzzle element stronger than usual in American work, slightly at the expense of speed. Very perplexing and readable.

CLEGG AND COAL

"THIS talk of slate in the coal," said Clegg, clasping his tankard as a heavy man squeezed past to the coat rack, "riles me. Not only have we no slate at home but no coal to find it in."

"Good gracious!" I said, consolingly.

"Not a lump," said Clegg, "for four days. Last Tuesday my wife drew my attention to fuel saving competitions in the paper."

"H'm," said the man, who was now standing looming over us at our corner table. He did not seem particularly to want to squeeze past again.

Clegg ignored him.

"I drew *her* attention," he went on, "to the letters to the editor. A woman said she had resolved to go to bed thirty minutes earlier and *keep the resolution*. Her *italics*."

"Sounds feasible," I said, tentatively.

"I said," Clegg continued, "that it would be much more congenial to get up thirty minutes later instead."

"And she wasn't having any," said the looming man, nodding.

"Preferably," said Clegg a little more loudly, "later still: after the morning peak hours, which I understand end at ten-thirty."

"Hff," said the man to himself, contemptuously. His heavy brown overcoat was edging our ash tray about slightly.

Clegg looked up to make some remark, but found that the extreme angle would detract from its dignity, and reconsidered it.

"I suppose you rang up for more coal?" I asked.

"I get home too late," said Clegg, "but my wife was keener on the economizing than on getting more, so it got overlooked."

"Fatal," I said, sympathetically.

The looming man suddenly blew sharply twice down a pipe stem to clear it, and Clegg started.

"Another thing I suggested," said Clegg after a brief pause to regain composure, "was my giving up lighting the fire. It starts roaring, and as I kneel there reading some interesting bit on the newspaper I'm holding there, the paper catches



fire and the fire goes out and I start again with fresh coal."

"Lighting fires," said the man with a wink, nudging me archly. "Easy to see who wears the trousers, eh? H'm?"

I edged slightly to the left, with a compromising smile.

"Well, one of these fuel notions," said Clegg patiently, "was burning logs instead. No one could deliver in under a fortnight."

The man nudged me again, despite my move. He had definitely ranged himself with me.

"So he had to go and cut some," he said, breathing joyously. "Wait for it. This is rich."

"So we tried a mixture," said Clegg firmly. "Coal and vegetable boxes broken up. It made the coal burn twice as fast."

"Hoo!" said the man, nudging vigorously. "Ah! No. Ah! Course it would."

Clegg gave up trying to ignore him. His glance now took us both in.

"Then we came to the end of it," he went on coldly, "and I had to resort to the attic."

"Ullo!" said the man, beaming. "She was at you for it, then."

"I resorted to the attic," said Clegg, addressing him directly, "if you insist, to reconnoitre for combustible material."

"How much?" said the man, slightly at a loss.

I thought it was about time to say something. The last thing I had said was "Fatal." Unfortunately I didn't seem able to shake off the funeral atmosphere: the only sympathetic thing I could think of was

"Deadly." Perhaps it was my uncongenial ally.

"It was," said Clegg, emphatically, "cold as a morgue. But you know how it is when you find pre-war newspapers. You see headlines like 'Judge Says Nonsense,' or 'Found Himself At Sea,' and you get engrossed in some piffling report of a Mr. Wensley of Croydon who woke up on his pneumatic float half a mile out from the beach at Ramsgate."

"You ought to make provision," said the man complacently. "We're all right with making provision."

"I wonder you can drag yourself away from your roaring hearth," said Clegg, meaningly.

"Don't you mind me," said the man paternally. "Just you carry on with your talking."

"Well," said Clegg, "the only thing to do was call in on people. We've done that for the last three or four evenings, with moderate success."

"No," said the man, with finality. "I can't stand for that. Butting in on people's privacy."

BACK ROOM JOYS

TITLES

COME, let us be frank—

We are all, or nearly all, attracted by rank.
Of course we're not snobs, of course we don't bow and scrape
Or alter our standards in any degree or shape;
What's in a handle? What come to that's in a name?
All the same—

It's nice, other things being equal, to write "Dear Sir Hugh";
"Dear Hodgkins" somehow is markedly less exciting.

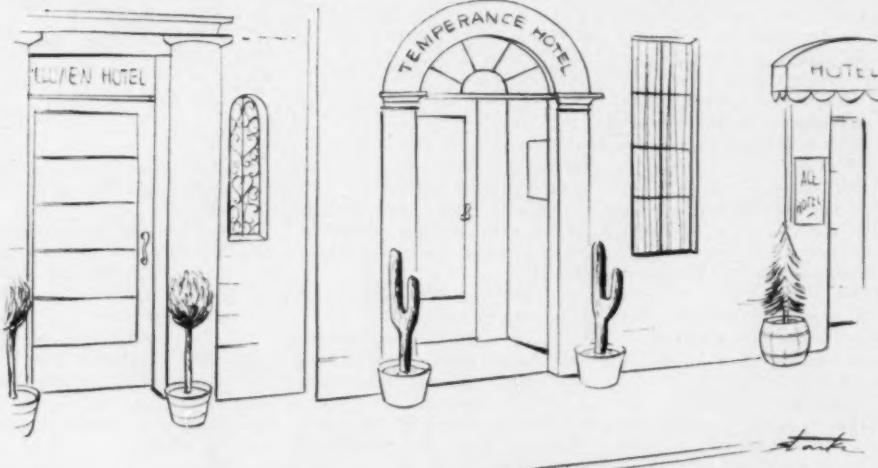
"Lord Privilege phoned; will you meet him at twenty to . . ."
More sort of *inviting*.

The added respect we get from reflected glory
Appeals to that part of our Socialist souls that's Tory.
And, though it's a thing that none of us might confess,
When we do meet a title we either employ it *less*
Or *more* than we normally would—

Not that that proves we are snobs, that's *well* understood.
We are playing charades, we are making the tinsel glitter;
If we knew it, escaping the sink and the baby-sitter.

"Lady Jane!"—there's a grain of snuff on our ruffled wrist.
"Sir John!"—and our long white fingers are lightly kissed.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



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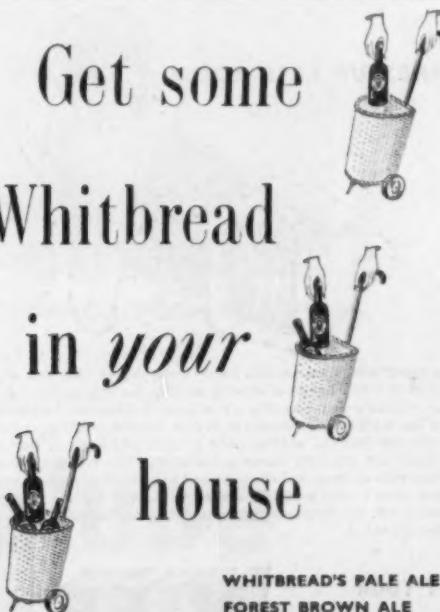
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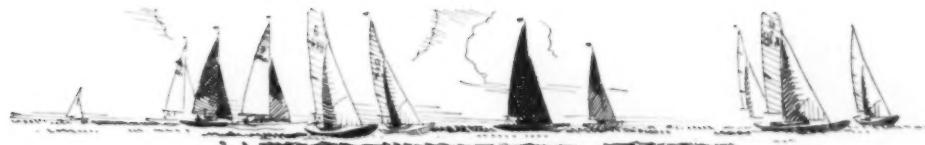


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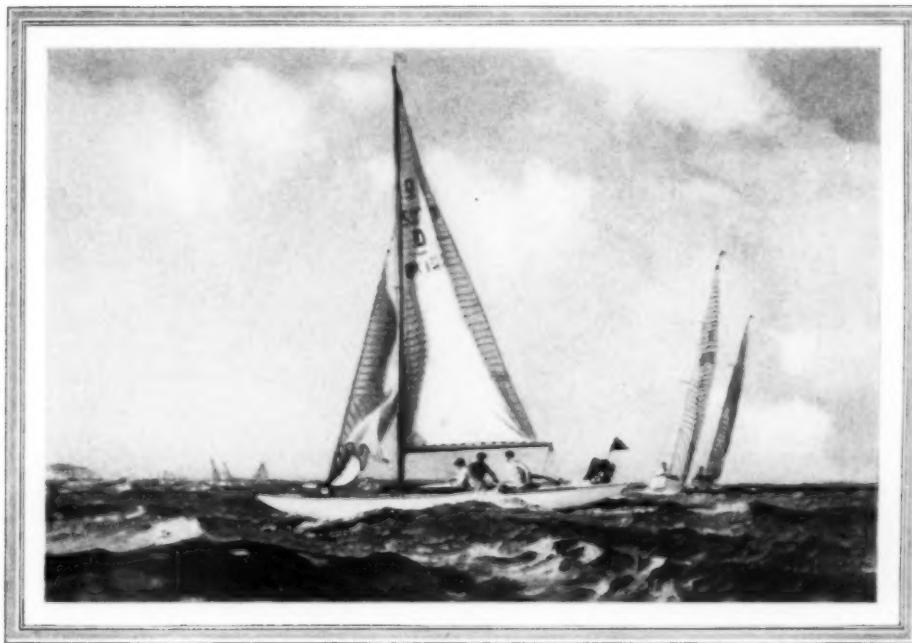
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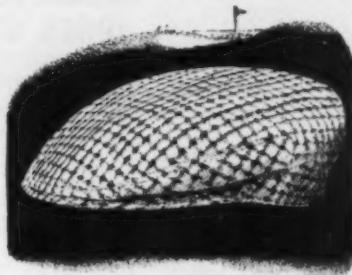


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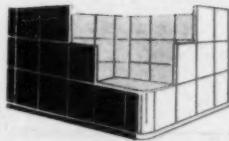
P 513 718



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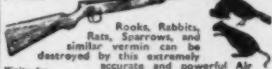
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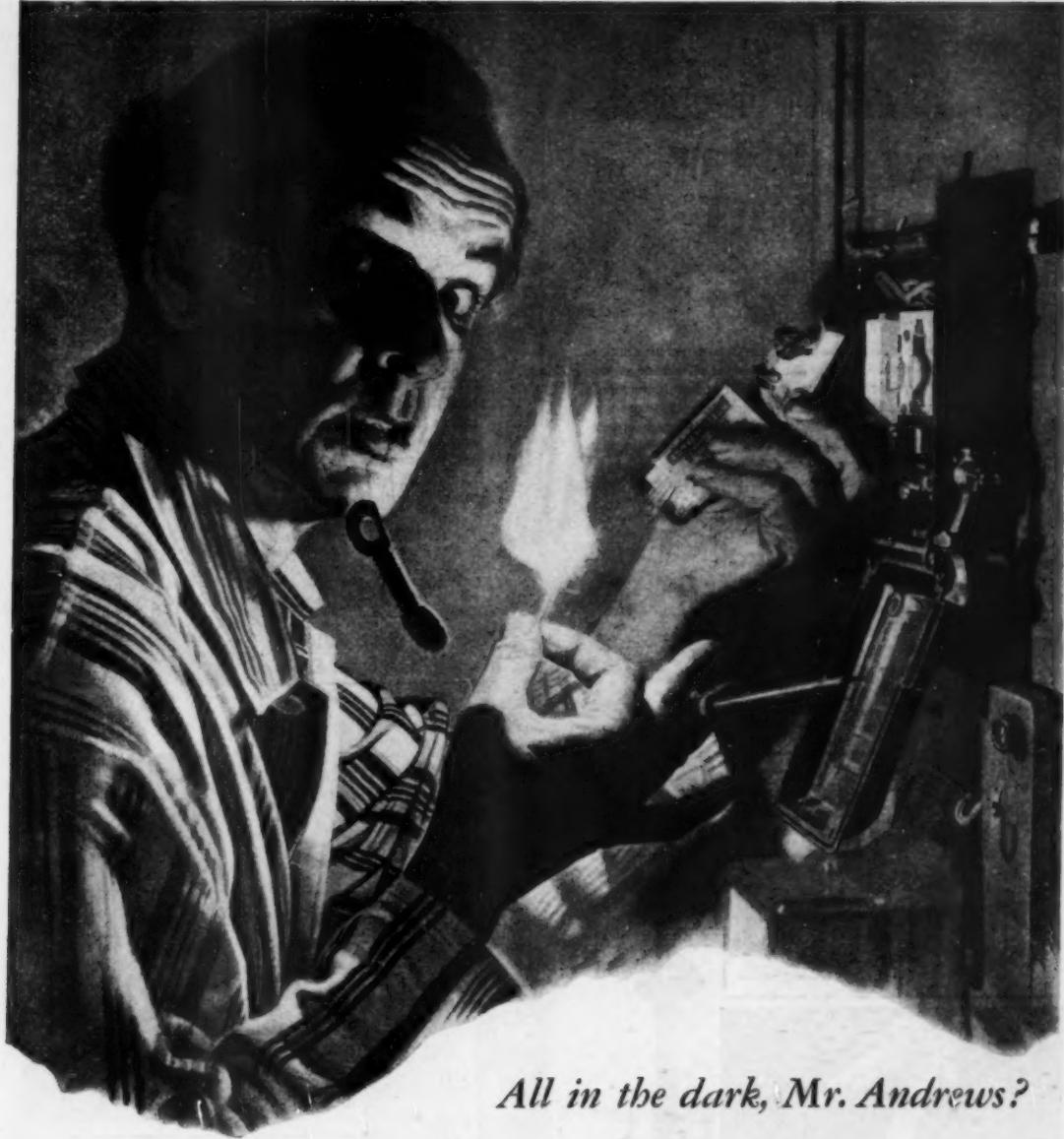
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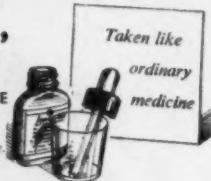
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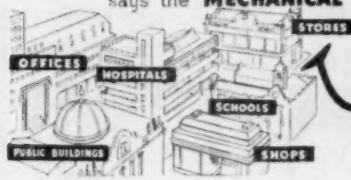
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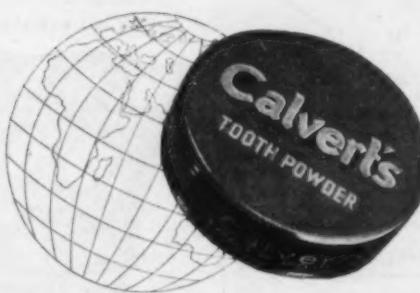
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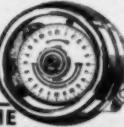
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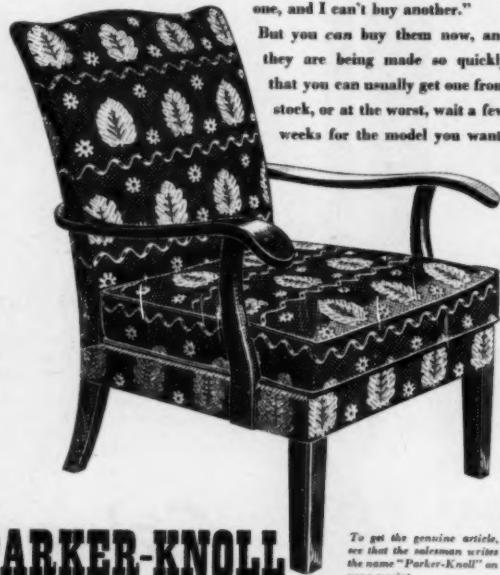
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A GUIDE TO SCHWEPPSHIRE (p. 76)

NATURAL HISTORY

THE LITTLE STINK (*Oder odor*). Professor Fowler, with his class, secretly examines actual nest.

Schwepping Forest

Schwepping Forest is of course the last remains of the natural forest which only five thousand years ago — yesterday afternoon in terms of geological schweppochs — surrounded the teeming suburbs of Cirenschweppster.

Every tree has its history. It was underneath this ancient acacia that the news was received for the forty-seventh time of the landing of the Danes by Ethelred the UnSchwepp.

The soil of Schwepping Forest is soil, lying above the sub-soil beneath which is the soil beneath the sub-soil. In geological section, it is seen that if you go fairly far down there are layers of rock — a layer on top with other layers beneath them.

Through glades once trodden by squires in the

knightly dance, ornithologists like Professor James ("Beau") Fowler now wander, and he has recently recorded (annals Zool: Stud: Vol.: CCCCCCX) that account of the Little or Bulgarian Stink which shows these birds proved to have bred 53 in May 1950, 784 in May 1951. Does this point to a new Stink migration?

Written by Stephen Potter
Drawn by Lewitt-Hom





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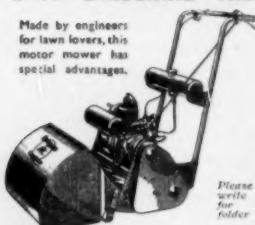
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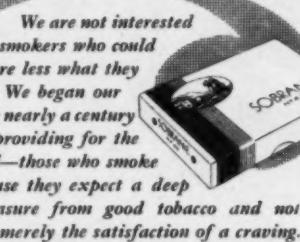


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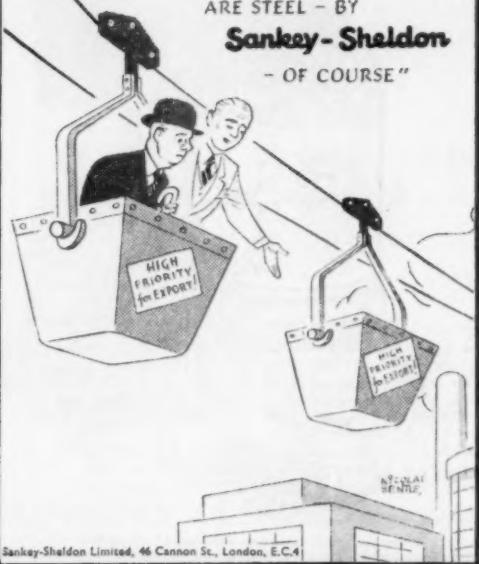
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Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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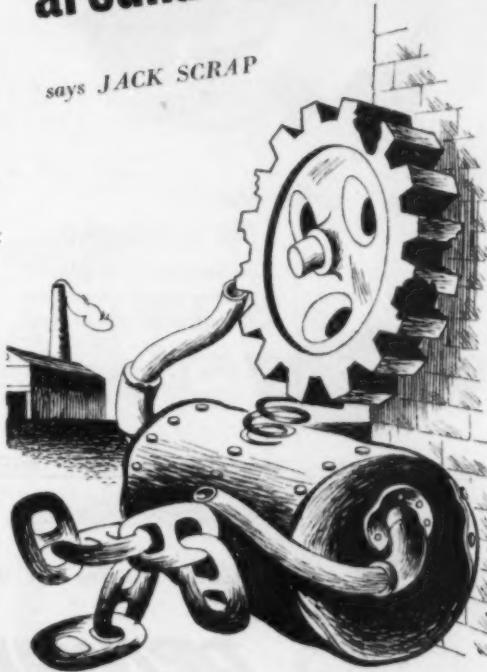
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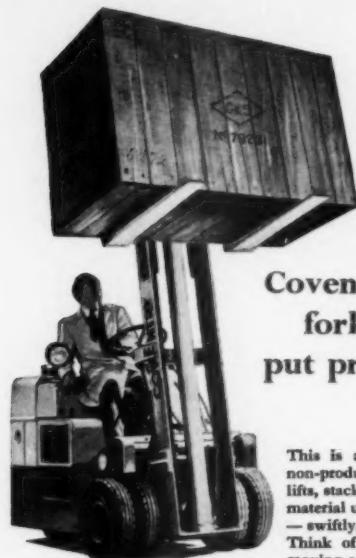
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